

The Sketch.

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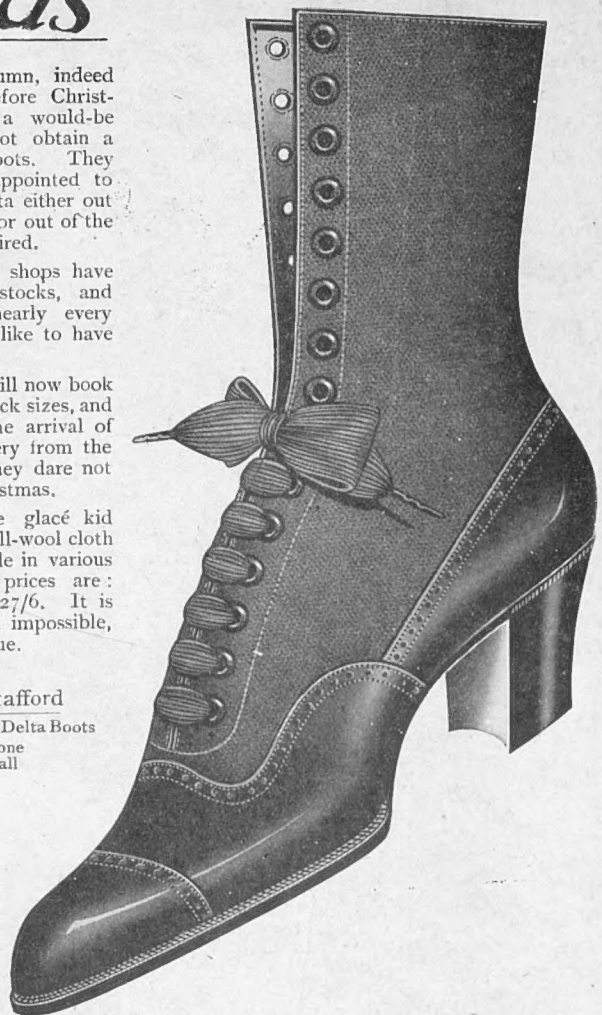
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The Sketch

No. 1357.—Vol. CV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: MAJOR THE HON. MICHAEL KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, M.C., AND LADY DOREEN KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN (LADY DOREEN BROWNE).

The wedding took place last week, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Major the Hon. Michael Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.C., R.A. and R.A.F., only son of Lord and Lady Brabourne, and Lady Doreen Browne, youngest daughter

of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo. The bride was attended by Lady Eileen Browne, and her train-bearers were Master Donald Campbell and Miss Veronica Parsons. The best man was Captain Noel Francis, R.A.F.

Photograph by Lafayette.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

Revival of Dramatic Taste?

A few nights ago, I witnessed in a provincial theatre—to be exact, the Theatre Royal, Brighton—a strange scene. I saw and heard a large audience, composed of quite ordinary, unassuming playgoers, applauding with genuine enthusiasm a dramatic work of real skill, sombre in tone, faithful in characterisation, making no attempt to pass off buffoonery as humour or sentimentality as sentiment.

When I say that this was a strange scene I make no reflection on the audiences at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, or on theatrical audiences in other parts of the kingdom. Where there is no repertory theatre—and the war was very brusque with the gentle if steady flame of the repertory movement—provincial audiences have to rely on such fare as London sends them. London, of course, sends them what Londoners are or have been liking; and we all know that Londoners—or rather, the floating population of London in war-time—have been liking very much indeed bales and bales of mere rubbish.

But the war is over, and unless our politicians bungle their job it will not burst out afresh. London will then be herself once more—the lads and lasses will return to their beloved "pictures"; and the theatres, let us hope and pray, will give a thought to people of taste and intelligence in such matters. There are plenty of soldiers and sailors and Colonial visitors and civilian workers of taste and intelligence; if they remain in London, how they will welcome the change!

Maeterlinck as Realist.

The play which the Brighton audience received with such fervour was Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stilemonde." Here you have the poet in the mood of a cold realist—a bitter partisan whose head still controls his heart. The amazing feature of the play, to my mind, is the absence of passion. The case for Belgium is understated rather than—as you might have expected, and would have pardoned, especially coming from a poet—overstated. "Father, forgive them! They know not what they do!" is evidently the attitude of Maurice Maeterlinck towards the beasts who ravaged his beloved country. No attitude could be loftier—but one finds it a little astonishing. Quite half the audience were in tears during the final act; but the dramatist could, an he would, have torn their hearts from their breasts. Mr. Martin Harvey was studiously restrained—indeed, he was almost cheerful over the fact that he had to die a violent death in about an hour and a half. It was excellent playing; the situation was so tense that any directly pathetic appeal would have been intolerable.

I must record, too, a most notable feature of the affair—the quite wonderful acting of Mr. Rutland Barrington as Claus, the head gardener. You may think you know your Rutland Barrington—that you have known him for years as the suave and cynical Savoyard—but you do not know his power of characterisation and his quiet perfection of artistry until you have seen him as Claus. He drew thunders of applause.

Subtleties of School Life.

I extract the following passage from a school magazine. I was once a schoolmaster myself—in point of fact, I founded, in the dim past, this very magazine from which I quote. But of the problems of running a school in war-time, naturally, I am quite ignorant. I wonder if my readers can fathom these subtleties?

"I must call the attention of Parents to what, under School rules, the boys are allowed to bring back with them, as extra eatables, at the beginning of term. All jam, honey, potted meat, and cheese are expressly forbidden, and, if sent, will be confiscated and put on one side, to be returned at the end of Term. Boys are, however, allowed to bring back with them cakes, biscuits, fruit, and a limited amount of sweets. It is particularly requested that anything of the nature of 'slab toffee,' owing to obvious difficulties in dealing with it [the italics are mine], should not be sent. Honey-sugar will only be prohibited when jam ceases to be rationed."

I suppose there are difficulties in dealing with "slab toffee," and I can imagine that they might be obvious; but surely any boy worthy of the name would overcome such difficulties? I was never beaten by a piece of toffee, "slab" or otherwise, and I feel convinced that the difficulties in dealing with it, always ending in victory for the consumer, have gone far to toughen the breed of indomitable Englishmen.

Let me, as the Founder of the Magazine, plead for the removal of the embargo on "slab toffee."



WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN THEATRICAL MANAGER:
LADY BUTT.

Sir Alfred Butt, who has his finger in so many theatrical pies—notably the Palace and the Victoria Palace—has withdrawn his offer for Drury Lane Theatre, and so added another to the recent "sensations" of which the famous playhouse has been the centre. He served in the Ministry of Food, 1917-1918, and was knighted in the latter year.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

The Event of Last Term.

The Editorial contains a delightful gem, which I quote in all friendliness of spirit. Reviewing, briefly, the term which saw the greatest happening in the history of the world, perhaps, save one, the Editor remarks: "It has been a somewhat uneventful Term, but we have something at least to chronicle—an unbeaten 1st XI."

It is a temptation, yet hardly fair, to read that proud sentence side by side with the note for Nov. 19: "Bad news to-day. Most

of the Schools in the neighbourhood are victims, in a more or less degree, to influenza. It seems as though the remainder of our Matches are destined not to be played. A pity with the 1st XI. unbeaten."

Never mind, 1st XI. I can see you straining at the leash. Could you but have got at them, how you would have torn them to ribbons! Influenza, forsooth! And you had not a single case in all your serried ranks! It was fear of you, doubtless, induced by the swelling tales of your invincibility, that brought the other schools low with influenza. Still, there is always next term. See to it, as I know you will, that they are not allowed to plead Botulism. If they do, have at them with the football through the window of the infirmary. Nothing like a little firm treatment of that sort to dispel the sinister and slothful tentacles of Botulism.

AND ONE OF THE WOOLLIE WOW-WOWS! A MAYNE ATTRACTION.



1. AS CONDUCTOR OF THE JAZZ BAND: MISS CLARICE MAYNE AS DICK WHITTINGTON, AT MANCHESTER.
2. WITH MIKE, ONE OF THE WOOLLIE WOW-WOWS: MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

Miss Mayne has made the expected "hit" at the Palace Theatre, Manchester. One of her songs deals with Mike, "One of the Woollie

Wow-wows"; and specimens of him are distributed among the children in the audience—needless to say, to their great satisfaction.



Mr. Balfour as Pianist.

I suppose the Peace Conference bores you utterly! At any rate, it bores me, especially when Lady Lymelyghte invades my territory and tells me, with a wealth of detail, exactly how President Wilson proposes to dispose of the British Fleet! Up to the present, very few interesting stories have come through from Paris, but here is one. A very charming daughter of a certain Frenchman who was entertaining Mr. Balfour walked into the drawing-room and found "Prince Arthur" playing the piano. She sought out her father, and said, in tones of deep grievance, "Mr. Balfour is playing my piano." "Never mind, my dear," replied her diplomatic father, with a smile at M. Clemenceau; "go and play Mr. Balfour's part at the Peace Conference, and then you will be even with him."

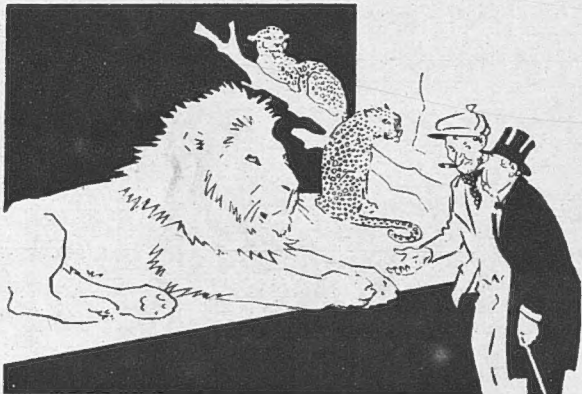


THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SIR ASTON WEBB, P.R.A.

Sir Aston Webb, the distinguished architect, was born in 1849; and became A.R.A. in 1899, and R.A. in 1903.

Photograph by Hallyer.

last six years he has been living the life of a country gentleman—an unexciting sort of life, no doubt, but safe at least. Monarchy has its allurements, but it is not unattended with risks; and I should think the ex-King of Portugal would be much safer in Middlesex, where the people are not of a conspicuously revolutionary temperament, than in his own country.



THE LOVE-BIRDS FOR US.

"Anyone wanting a full-grown, newly captured male lion can have one for £250, or a couple of very savage leopards, for £45 or £50. . . . Those with limited accommodation can get love-birds at 5s. each."—Daily Paper.

country house between Twickenham and Feltham, far from the noise of motor-cars or the rumble of falling thrones, and he is very well liked in the district. I remember when he first took possession of the place, for I was living near Twickenham at the time. The townspeople were naturally very excited at the prospect of welcoming so distinguished a guest, and a sort of civic reception was held on the steps of the Town Hall. The usual address of welcome was made. Somehow, it all seemed very stiff and formal—well meant, of course, and entirely lacking in spontaneity. How self-conscious the unhappy monarch looked! I fancy he was rather glad when the whole thing was over. But we have



SOCIETY SALESWOMEN AT THE WOMEN'S FARM AND GARDEN UNION DEPOT IN REGENT STREET: (LEFT) LADY CARSON, THE HON. MRS. NORMAN GROSVENOR, AND MRS. MELVILLE BALFOUR: (RIGHT) MISS WILLIS (IN UNIFORM), MRS. GERALD MOXON (SEATED), AND MISS H. DOUGLAS-PENNANT.

Photograph by Sport and General.

got to know him since then, and to realise that even European Sovereigns are very much like other people. As a matter of fact, Dom Manoel is a simple, unpretending man, with great charm of manner, devoted to outdoor pursuits. He thoroughly enjoys a game of tennis, and is passionately fond of the opera. Sunday by Sunday he drives over to Mass at the Roman Catholic church in the district, and he has made many friends.

Earl Haig?

before long, and that his rank may be that of an Earl. The British Army is very proud of its Commander-in-Chief. Sir Douglas is generally known as "Lucky Haig," but I think he owes his success quite as much to his genius as to luck. In one respect at least he is singularly lucky. I am referring to his marriage.

Everybody will be glad to learn that Sir Douglas Haig will probably be raised to the Peerage



PROCLAIMED BY MONARCHISTS AT OPORTO: KING MANOEL OF PORTUGAL; WITH HIS CONSORT.

Photograph by C.N.

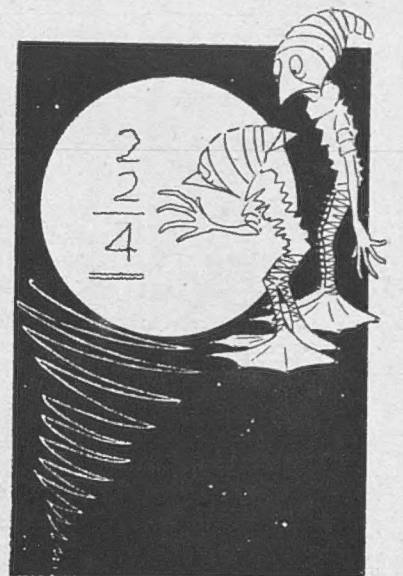
Lady Haig is one of the most charming women and one of the most gracious hostesses in the kingdom. I saw Sir Douglas in London two or three weeks ago. He looked, I thought, a little weary, but as handsome as ever. Indeed, I am inclined to the opinion that "Handsome Haig" would fit him as a nickname even better than "Lucky Haig"—and it has the additional advantage of being alliterative.

A Successful Novelist.

Many of my friends have been reading Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, "The Secret City," and recommending me to do the same. I hear it is a brilliant study of modern Russian life—and Russia is very much in the air just now, isn't it? I saw the author at one of the West-End theatres—I forget which—a few months ago, and have often wondered why he has never written a play himself,

for he

is gifted with a fine dramatic instinct. He is a son of the Bishop of Edinburgh. Incidentally, have you noticed how often the sons of Bishops display a gift for writing? There is the brilliant Benson family, for instance—the children of a former Archbishop of Canterbury. Then the Rev. William Temple, son of the late Archbishop Temple, is a writer of eminence. "Edward Melbourne," that fine young soldier poet who was killed at the front, was a son of the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich. Finally, the Archbishop of York has himself written a novel, though I believe it went out of print many years ago. Could it not be republished? THE WORLDLING.



A MARCONIGRAM TO MARS.

"Communication with intelligences on other planets may some day be possible. . . . One might get through some such message as $2+2=4$."—Signor Marconi.

A BRITISH PANTOMIME AT COLOGNE: "DICK WHITTINGTON."



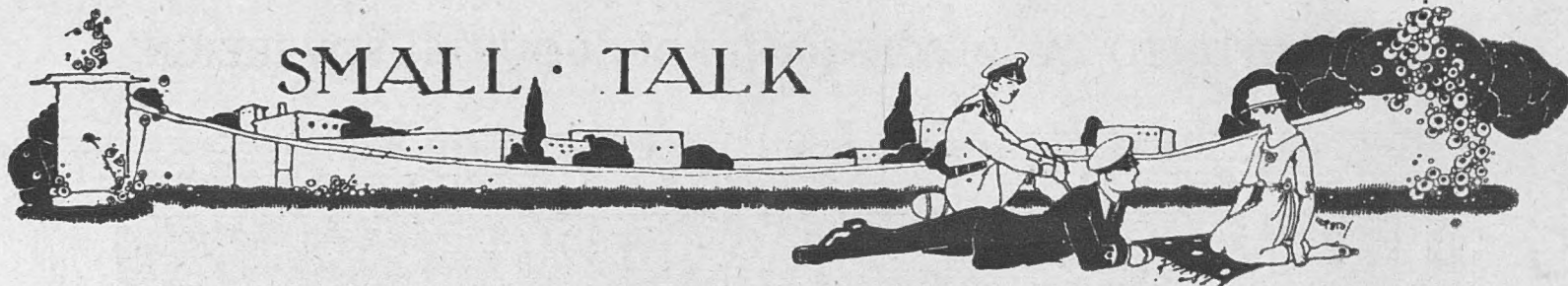
1. OUTSIDE THE DEUTSCHES THEATRE, COLOGNE, WHERE THEY ARE GIVING "DICK WHITTINGTON": MEMBERS OF "THE TABS," THE 2ND ARMY HEADQUARTERS CONCERT PARTY.

2. IN "DICK WHITTINGTON" AT COLOGNE: (L. TO R.) PTE. E. ROBERTS AS IDLE JACK, 2ND LT. H. G. WHITBREAD (HAL CHARLTON) AS THE DAME, CPL. J. GOODMAN (LESLIE NORMAN) AS DICK, AND SERGT. J. SWEENEY AS THE BARON.

Who at Christmas 1917 would have predicted that in the following season the pantomime of "Dick Whittington" would be presented at the Deutsches Theatre, Cologne, by a company composed of officers and men of a British Army of Occupation? Such, however, proved to be the

case, and here are photographs of the company, the 2nd Army Headquarters Concert Party, known as "The Tabs," organised by Lt. Sidney Rendell, the 2nd Army's Amusements Officer. All the performers are soldiers who have been in the firing line, and many of them wounded.

SMALL TALK



PRINCESS MARGARET of Sweden is far too diplomatic a personage to say all she thinks, but at least it is not improbable that so very English a Princess is delighted to be amongst her own people again after a long absence in surroundings that must at times have helped to make life something more than merely "difficult." Princess "Pat" is devoted to her only sister, who, on her side, is taking the keenest interest in the all-important trousseau topic. The bride-to-be has a way of keeping things to herself, but secrets have a habit of leaking out, and a lovely wedding-dress and lingerie not less lovely are already subjects for animated discussion. In this particular instance rumour is more than likely to belie her reputation, for the Princess has always lived up to her reputation of being one of the best dressed of the younger members of the Royal Family.

Sincere Sympathy. If the King and Queen had needed any assurance of the affection of their subjects, the popular sympathy with the Royal Family on the death of Prince John would have supplied it. The thing was spontaneous and sincere. The Queen has been brought into close touch with so many war-bereaved mothers that the feeling of women of the nation is more of the kind that might be felt for a friend than a Queen, which is just as it should be, and just what her Majesty would appreciate. The royal decision not to allow their own sorrow to interfere with the arrangements for the marriage of Princess "Pat" and other social fixtures is just the kind of selfless consideration for the feelings of other people that the Royal Family always shows. But the public understand the motive prompting it, and appreciate it very deeply.

Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A.

The election of Sir Aston Webb, P.R.A., as President of the Royal Academy is a shock to convention, since it is the first time an architect has occupied that position. But it will be rather a good thing than otherwise if the effect of the appointment is to

weaken the inveterate idea that "art" means painting pictures, with sculpture as a tolerated eccentricity, whereas, of course, architecture is the greatest of the arts, and the employer, so to speak, of all others. The idea lingers as a survival of the rather servile origin of the

Academy. The people who founded it were mostly fashionable portrait-painters, and the influence and tradition of the rich patron have endured. But many modern artists who take their business seriously are beginning to see that if art is to be a real thing it must have, as in the Middle Ages, a democratic basis. Apart from portrait-painting, which appeals to another sentiment, the modern rich man is no great patron of contemporary art; he

prefers to put his money into Old Masters, which represent an investment as well as an indulgence. Public employment is the most promising field before the artist in any material, if the public taste can only be educated to a demand for things beautiful instead of things merely pretentious. Sir Aston Webb, whose works include the new and dignified front to Buckingham Palace, is the tenth President of the Academy, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first.

Discarding the Hyphen.

Most people with a hyphen treasure the names it connects as carefully as a family heirloom. Lady Islington evidently holds other views. The Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, as she has hitherto been called, will, it seems, if her mother's wishes in the matter are treated with the respect they deserve, be known in future as plain—the adjective applies exclusively to the name, of course—Poynder. The Islington family name was Dickson, which certainly gains when attached by hyphen to Poynder a distinction it rather lacks when standing alone. Lord Islington was merely John Dickson Poynder when he succeeded his uncle as sixth baronet—the peerage came later—in 1884. The Poynder with hyphen attachment came by royal licence in 1888. Lady Islington's decision to discontinue the Dickson may simply arise from a desire to dodge the difficulties hyphens present to so many people; or possibly her Ladyship is succumbing to the influences of the democratic age in which she lives.

The Better Half. Americans in London have

been watching with interest the discovery of the drug habit in our midst. It is a more familiar problem in the States, where most great cities have a Chinatown for a half-way house to opium. And just as absinthe has its antagonists in Paris, and beer in Bootle, so in America you find the sure sign of the prevalence of drugs—a host of anti-opium societies and preachers. Prominent among these last was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, so that we may look to the day when our Duchesses of the *crèche* turn their attention to the evils of the laudanum-bottle. Talking of Mrs. Vanderbilt, a pretty story is told of her early encouragement of the entry of American flying-men into the war-zone. America was still neutral when Edmund Gros and

Robert Bacon, members of the "Escadrille Américaine," called on her for support. She walked to her desk and wrote out a cheque for £1000. "Now K., what will you do?" she said, turning to her husband. His cheque was for £3000, of course. These oblations on the altar of the air service were not welcomed simply for their substantial money value, but as a generous recognition of the value of the new arm.

ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM BULLIVANT: MISS VIOLET S. HANSON.

Miss Hanson is a daughter of Lady Stanhope Hanson, of The Grange, Wraybury. Mr. Bullivant, of The Mill House, Burghfield, and Ryder Street, is the son of the late Mr. W. Pelham Bullivant, of New Mills Court, Stroud, and Bayswater Hill.

Photograph by Bassano.

AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: MRS. JAMES VALENTINE—CAPTAIN RONALD CHARTERIS.

Mrs. Valentine, who is a niece of the Earl of Lonsdale, and is the widow of Lieutenant-Colonel James Valentine, R.A.F., D.S.O., is the daughter of the late Major-General G. W. Knox, C.I., and is engaged to Captain Ronald Charteris, son of the late Captain the Hon. Frederick William Charteris, R.N., and Lady Louisa Charteris. Mrs. Valentine has seen much service in France, as a nurse, and has been awarded the Médaille des Épidémies and the Palmes d'Honneur.

Photographs by Central Press.



ENGAGED: MISS HERMIONE LYTTELTON.

Miss Lyttelton is the youngest daughter of General the Right Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., and Lady Lyttelton, of the Governor's House, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. She is engaged to Mr. William Lionel Hitchens, son of the late Mr. John Ley Hitchens, of St. Ives, and of Mrs. Hitchens. She has been mentioned in despatches for her nursing in France.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TO MARRY THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S NEPHEW: MISS WINIFRED DOROTHEA MATON.

Miss Winifred Dorothea Maton, whose engagement to Mr. Leslie Smith, M.C., Irish Guards—a nephew of the Lord High Chancellor—is announced, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Maton, of Enfield, Wiltshire.

Photograph by Bassano.

WEDDED TO A DESCENDANT OF COUNTS SOVEREIGN.

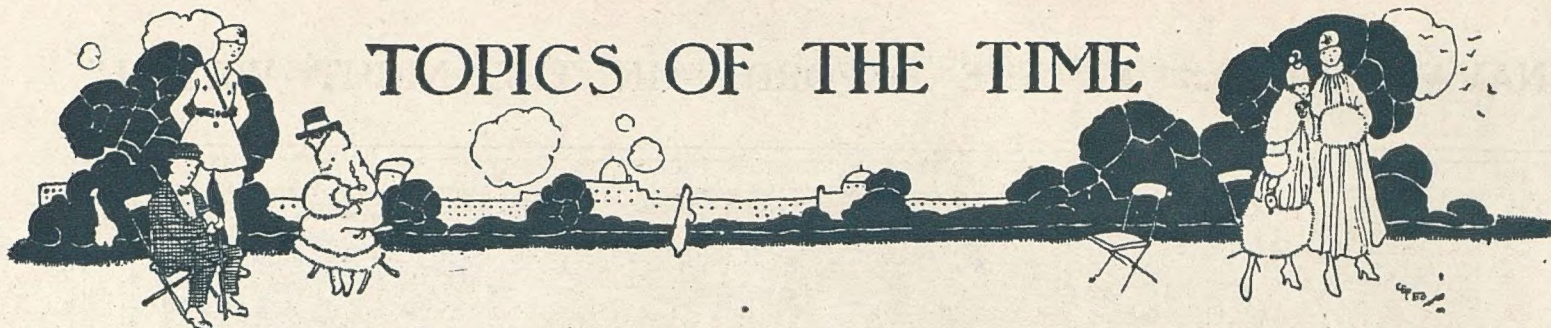


A War-Worker: The Countess de Vismes.

The Countess de Vismes is the wife of Alexander William Theobald de Vismes et de Ponthieu, Count de Vismes, who is an officer in the Grenadier Guards, and succeeded to his father's title in 1895. The Countess de Vismes was, before her marriage in 1917, Miss Eileen Bede Dalley, daughter of Mr. William Bede Dalley, barrister-at-law. Throughout the war she has worked for various beneficent undertakings. The family of De Vismes represents in direct male descent the ancient Counts

Sovereign of Ponthieu, and also collaterally the houses of Boulogne (of which Godefroi de Bouillon), St. Pol, Ault, and St. Valery, now extinct. By usage, on the Continent, the head of the family is called Prince. Colonel 'Elisee William de Vismes, Coldstream Guards, was officially recognised as Count by the Government of France in 1838. The Count and Countess reside in Cornwall Mansions, Clarence Gate, Regent's Park; and have also a residence in Chili.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

TOPICS OF THE TIME



YOU and I must re-measure ourselves. Working on the land has made us both much bigger than we used to be, and we must provide without delay against the sordid tragedy of misfits. You go over yourself with a tape-measure in that corner, and I'll go over myself with a tape-measure in this. I won't look.

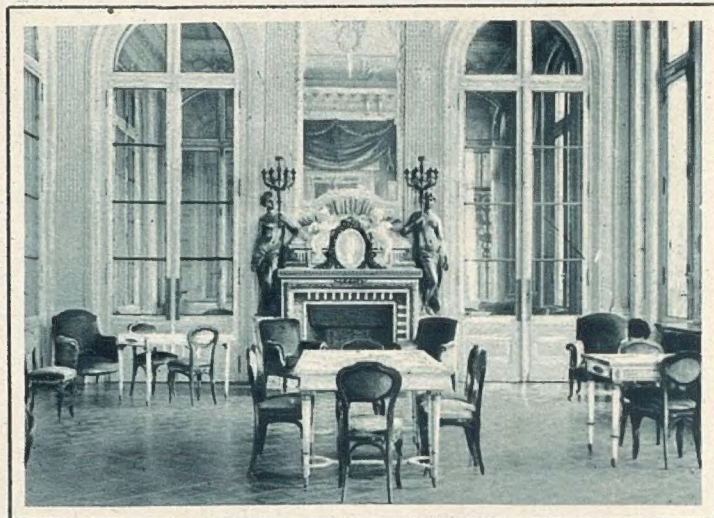
Pretty Daphne, like a loyal little girlie, for her country went a-working on the land. She was up and washed and dressed and out so early that her appetite got fairly out of hand. For her breakfast she had fish and eggs-and-bacon, grilled tomatoes, and of watercress a bunch, and on several occasions took a steak on, that she mightn't quite collapse before her lunch.

And Daphne was much bigger than she used to be—than she used to be—before the War. Once a fairy altogether, and as light as any feather, she was getting on for thirteen stone or more! Much bigger and much fatter than she used to be, since she went away to work upon the land. She had burst her corset-laces in at least a dozen places, and wild horses couldn't buckle up her band!

But the Industry authorities are laden with the claims of men who've finished with the war, and my Daphne's soon to be the little maiden, light and dainty, that she used to be before. For an "early cup of tea" she will awaken; come to breakfast at about the second post; screw her nose at the aroma of the bacon, and pretend to eat a little bit of toast.

And Daphne is much smaller than she used to be—than she used to be—before the Peace. Once in breeches cut so 'cutely, and so bonny absolutely, she is now without a dimple or a crease. Much smaller and much thinner than she used to be, when she went about her duties at the farm; and I feel another spell of what she never loved the smell of wouldn't do my little Daphne any harm!

trying to convince me that the English waitress waits much better than the French or Italian waiter because her cap and apron are more satisfactorily laundered than the shirt-fronts of Armand and Antonio. It is when news like this blows my way that I come clattering through my natural reserve, and, slapping my thigh



AT THE HOTEL DUFAYEL, PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE JOURNALISTS ATTENDING THE PEACE CONFERENCE: IN THE LOUNGE.

handsomely until the welkin rings again, thank Heaven, in accents sopped with heroic emotion, that I belong to the really magnificent profession of journalism!

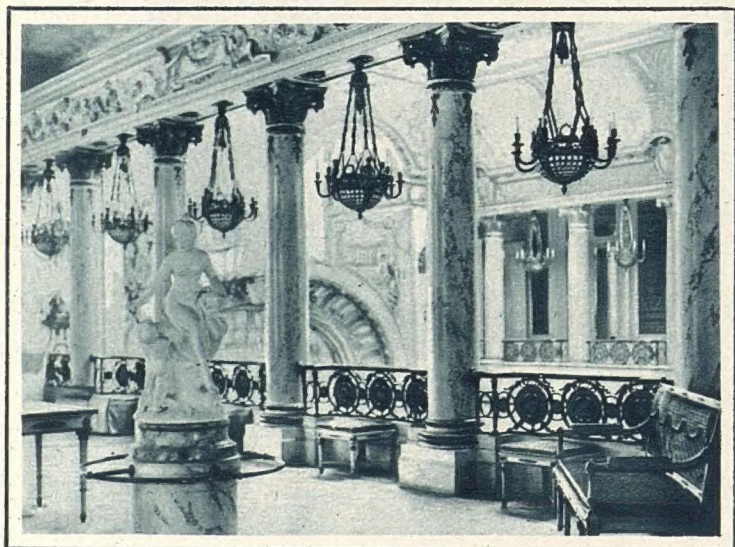
Mildred I know will serve us well, we'll hasten and engage her table. The frills around her apron tell a waitress singularly able. I'm sure that when we sit us down, and crave the menu for inspection, she will not simply stand and frown in quite the opposite direction. No waiting girl was ever known such cold indifference to have shown!

You see the whiteness of her cap, perched proudly where the curls are clustered? That means she never spots your lap when serving you with fruit and custard. Her collar shows us, by its starch, that when some wine we would be drinking, she does not leave us here to parch, but goes and fetches it like winking! So different from Antonio, whose crumpled collar makes him slow!

What if no coupons we possess, and nothing's ours on which we reckoned? Don't worry!—a well-laundered dress removes the trouble in a second! And see those little shoes of grey, so smartly on the carpet tripping? They mean she always runs away the moment there's a sign of tipping! There's not a doubt about it, then, that lady-waiters beat the men!

Kissing the serving-wench at your favourite tavern when she brought you your good fat capon and your measure of sack was a recognised part of the transaction in the brave old days of swank and swashbuckle. What "romantic" painter could hope to rise to print-shop celebrity who did not, in nine pot-boiling cases out of ten, put his cavalier's arm round the waist of the buxom maid of the inn—or wife of the inn-keeper? And what "costume" dramatist could afford to be careless in the same way? It would not be until this kissing scene had happened that we would be quite sure of the dramatist's intentions as to period—which, probably, is the reason why he puts it into the first act.

In ages back your whack of sack they brought you for a labial "smack"; but now the Law is on their track, 'tis *they*, alack! who get the sack! A. B. M.



AT THE HOTEL DUFAYEL, PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE JOURNALISTS ATTENDING THE PEACE CONFERENCE: THE MARBLE GALLERY. The French Ministry for Foreign Affairs has placed the sumptuous Hotel Dufayel, in the Champs Elysées, at the disposal of the journalists attending the Peace Conference, for use as an Inter-Allied Press Club and as a work-centre for them. The hotel is one of the finest residences in Paris.

And so the ex-Kaiser has grown a beard "for the protection of his throat." I wonder if he thinks this would have saved Charles I.?

The daily newspaper I affect in private as well as in public (which only shows how it can be trusted as a rule) has been

NAVAL THRILLS AT THE OXFORD: "IN THE NIGHT WATCH."



1. ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "ALMA": (L. TO R.) MR. EDGAR BRUCE, MR. DENNIS WYNDHAM, MR. C. V. FRANCE AS CAPTAIN DE CORLAIX, MR. A. E. GEORGE AS LE DUC, MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS EUGÉNIE.

2. AT THE COURT-MARTIAL: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) MR. LIONEL WILLIAMS, MR. C. V. FRANCE (ARM IN SLING) AS CAPTAIN DE CORLAIX, MISS JESSIE BATEMAN AS ALICE PERLET, MISS TITHERADGE (KNEELING).

"In the Night Watch" is a thrilling naval play adapted by Mr. Michael Morton from a French piece, "La Veille d'Armes," by MM. Farrère and Nepoté. The story deals with the escapades of a captain's wife,

and the court-martial of the captain for losing his ship, when the death sentence is only averted by the wife's confession. Miss Madge Titheradge, as the wife, acts with all her wonted verve.



LORD CHANCELLORS, like less august beings, "date." Exactly a hundred years ago it was possible for this paragraph to appear in the *Observer* about Lord Erskine, then a recent occupant of the Woolsack: "His Lordship arrived at Gretna, accompanied by Miss Sarah Buck, the present Lady Erskine, by whom he has had several children out of the pale of wedlock. He was dressed in fashionable female attire, with a large Leghorn bonnet and long veil. On the arrival of the officiating priest of the Temple of Hymen his Lordship threw off his dress, and appeared in *propria persona* and, the usual ceremony being gone through, the parties were declared man and wife. His Lordship again put on his female vestments, and was on the point of taking his departure when his son, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, made his appearance in a chaise and four; but the knot was tied, and shortly after the new married couple drove off. The bride is about thirty-seven years old—the noble bridegroom nearly seventy." The new Lord Chancellor, reading the old record, may marvel that the really worst thing alleged against his appointment is the existence of the amusing skit written in the days of Mr. F. E. Smith's unashamed political partisanship by G. K. Chesterton. A Lord Chancellor should never have been laughed at, the theory seems to be. But, as the Lord Chancellor himself still joins boisterously in the laugh against the Smith of the verses, the situation is surely somewhat relieved.

Looping and Jazzing.

Flying men—British no less than American—have been very conspicuous at recent dances. Of old it was Hamel and Mrs. Grahame-White who used to remind us that earthly

An Airy Appointment.

The old complaint against First Lords of the Admiralty that their only connection with any sort of craft was the paddling of their own metaphorical canoes does not hold good in the case of Winston and aircraft. He is more of an airman than any other member of the Cabinet, and, long before other Ministers could take comfortable journeys aloft as passengers, he had actually piloted a machine—though against the regulations demanding that every pilot shall be certified. This happened at Eastchurch, years ago. And the

Mr. Churchill's new connection with the air, from the administrative point of view, is not as fortuitous as it might seem at first sight.



A ROYAL VISITOR TO ENGLAND: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN. The Crown Princess of Sweden is a sister of Princess Patricia of Connaught, and, as at present arranged, will attend the marriage of that popular young Princess, whose elder, and only, sister she is. She was married to the Crown Prince in 1905, when she was Princess Margaret of Connaught.

Photograph by Swaine.

difference between being a pilot and being a passenger need not be explained to either Mr. Balfour or Mr. Bonar Law.

At Glamis Castle. One of the cheerfulest of returned prisoners is the Hon. M. Bowes-Lyon, who is spending

his convalescence—if that is the word for the period immediately following confinement in Germany—at Glamis Castle. He has no eyes for the alleged gloom of his northern home; but, unlike Sir Horace Rumbold, of the "Recollections," finds it quite easy to be comfortable and happy there. Sir Horace tells the tale of a former Countess of Strathmore who somewhat indiscreetly determined to solve the mystery of the famous secret chamber in her lord's absence. She arranged that all her guests—and she had a castle full of them—should hang towels and sheets from their windows at the same moment, so that the unoccupied chamber might be revealed. But the Earl returned at the height of the white-flag orgy, to the confusion of everybody!

A True Woman's Tribute.

The beautiful womanliness of Queen Alexandra was expressed in touching words in the inscription on her wreath for the funeral of little Prince John: "In remembrance of my darling little Johnnie, Grannie's precious grandson, whose memory will never fade. May he rest in peace for ever with the Lord, though we shall ever miss him sorely here on earth."



A PEERESS AND HER CHILDREN: LADY CLANCARTY WITH HER SON AND DAUGHTER.

The Countess of Clancarty, who was, before her marriage to the Earl, in 1908, Miss Mary Gwatkin Ellis, is seen in our photograph with her second son, the Hon. Power Edward Ford Le Poer Trench, born in 1917, and her little daughter, Lady Sibell Le Poer Trench, born last year, and called after her godmother, the Countess Grosvenor.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppes.]

and aerial tangos had much in common; and time was, I remember, when the Countess of Drogheda was considered as good a judge of a two-step as she now is of an aeroplane. But the two enthusiasms have, so to say, increased by leaps and bounds. Fifty per cent. of flying men dance the newest dances to perfection. A famous looper was complimented the other night by a partner who knew nothing of his revolutions in the air. "Oh, you reverse divinely," she murmured.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: LADY HARINGTON.

Lady Harington is the wife of Major-General Charles Harington, K.C.B., D.S.O., Deputy-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Before her marriage, she was Miss Gladys Norah Grattan, daughter of Colonel O'Donnel C. Grattan, D.S.O. Major-General Harington was in the New Year Honours List.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE DISTAFF SIDE : LADIES IN THE NEWS.



AN ORGANISER OF THE "THREE
ARTS" BALL : LADY MURIEL PAGET.



VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF
A SLAV DANCE : LADY MUIR MACKENZIE.



WITH A HUSBAND IN THE HONOURS
LIST : COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.



A YOUTHFUL NURSE : MISS H.
GWLADYS DAVIS.



WIFE OF A NEW UNDER-SECRETARY
OF STATE : LADY GREENWOOD.



AN INTERESTING WAR-WORKER : MRS. FRANK ROIG.

Lady Muriel Paget, who is interesting herself practically in the forthcoming Three Arts Ball, is the daughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, and wife of Sir Richard Paget, second Baronet.—Lady Muir Mackenzie is to be a hostess at the Slav Dance, to be held on Slav Day, Feb. 7, at the Piccadilly Hotel, in aid of the Fund for Disabled Serbian Soldiers.—The Countess of Westmorland is wife of the Earl of Westmorland, who has been awarded the C.B.E. in the Military Division in

the Honours List.—Miss Gwladys Davis, who has been a war-worker in a military hospital since she left school, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis, of Hangmoor, Virginia Water.—Lady Greenwood is the wife of Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bt., M.P., the Under-Secretary of State.—Mrs. Frank Roig is the wife of Capt. F. J. Roig, R.A.S.C. (M.T.) Volunteers, of Emsworth, Hants. She is a Chilean by birth. Her husband has driven his own car for the War Office throughout the war.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

LONDON—as a devoted Press used loyally to remark in September, when everybody was pretending to be in Scotland after they had come back from Ramsgate—is fearfully empty, isn't it? There were only a hundred and sixty people in the Tube lift last night, and (counting you and me and the man with heavy boots who lives upstairs) there simply can't be more than five million people left in the whole place—so that we should positively rattle against the sides if anybody shook it, shouldn't we? But it really is a bit of a desert this time, because Everybody who is Anybody has told one fearful untruth about his (or her) administrative capacity, drawn a dress-allowance and a passport containing a really accurate account of the colour of her (or his) eyes and the shape of his (or her) chin, and proceeded under a full head of steam to Paris. The Honeymoon of the Nations (musical rights reserved and patent applied for) is apparently to be one of the best attended functions of the kind on record; and one only hopes that the presence of so many bright young things will not embarrass President Wilson when he asks Czechoslovakia whether she takes sugar in her tea. So you haven't gone, either? Well, well! No doubt it would have been delightful to become an official rubber-neck under the superintendence of a charming ex-contrabandista from the Foreign Office, and we could all do with thirty pounds' worth of new dress suit in these days—even if one has to dance with the typistes in them. But you can always find out what it all looked like from the papers anyway, and tell any "Daddy-what-did-

And now that all those young persons are safely out of the way in their twenty-five-pound tailor-made coats-and-skirts (with bomb-proof inner pocket for secret documents), let us—in the absence of all possible competition—try to be statesmanlike too. Your country, ladies and gentlemen, stands (as the poor dear always does) at the parting of the ways, and whilst it is standing there it is returning (without noticing that mixture of metaphors which is always the mark of the highest statesmanship), with the loud grinding noise of reversing wheels, to what the Ministry of Reconstruction loves to call Normal Conditions. And why not? I pause for a reply. It was really about time, anyway. And the result is that we are all being delightfully 1913 about everything. People are dancing all the old dances under the mistaken impression that they are all the new dances, and there is a positively Moody and Sankey revival of what the dismal Berliner used proudly to call *Nachtleben*. Georges Carpentier is about to box, Elinor Glyn is billed to pursue the fortunes of the Elizabeth family, and Arnold Bennett still portrays the solid attractions of life in Staffordshire. The soldier, just back from a four-years' river trip up the Jordan, the Tigris, or the Somme, is a little apt to refer absently to his doings in 1912 as

"last year"; and he should not be corrected, because he speaks truer than he knows. Really, if things go on like this, the old gentlemen will pull themselves together and begin to tell us that war with Germany will be inevitable in the spring when the snow melts in the Balkans, and Mr. Shaw will astonish the town with a play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell will use a real swear-word on the stage. So we are back again at where we started from. Which is a Norful Thought.

So those United States are going to give It up and cut It out and turn It down! One had always feared that a country in which infuriated old ladies were permitted to invade bar-parlours with hatchets would come to a bad end. Someone really ought to tell the President that Russia went dry shortly before it went mad. But it will be a pity to reduce to a minimum the attractions of a visit to our largest Ally just when we are beginning to want to go there; and it is to be feared that nervous but intemperate Europeans will hardly dare to enter New York Harbour if the Statue of Liberty carries a syphon instead of a torch in her upraised hand. The only good result that may be expected is a check to the flow of Irish emigration to the Land of the Free: the hated Saxon may have been a trial at times, but at least he never tampered with the sacred still except for revenue purposes. Or is it all intended as an ingenious solution of the American demobilisation problem? One cannot imagine that all those cheerful young men with the bronze "U.S." on their coat-collars will send around deputations to General Pershing to beg him to remove them at once from the Café de la Paix into the Great Alkali Desert into which the Prohibitionists will have converted their homeland. So there will be something to be said for the effete Old World, after all!



FORMERLY VISCOUNT DANGAN: THE NEW EARL COWLEY.

The fourth Earl Cowley, who succeeded to the title the other day, on the death of his father, is an actor; or, as the Peerage more ceremoniously puts it, "a member of the dramatic profession." He is now in "You Never Know, Y' Know," at the Criterion Theatre. In 1914, he married Miss May Pickard, an actress, and he has a son. Lord Cowley, who was born on Dec. 25, 1890, enlisted in the Army in 1915. He has been an officer in the 5th Lancers, and has also been in the R.M.A.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



RECORDING HER "HULLO, AMERICA!" SONGS: MISS ELSIE JANIS—WITH MR. G. LEYDEN COLLEDGE.

Miss Janis has recorded her songs in "Hullo, America!" for the Gramophone Company ("His Master's Voice").

"you-do-in-the-Great-Peace" grandchildren how you hid behind Mr. Lloyd George's *chignon* and supplied him with that historic repartee to the epigram of the third plenipotentiary from Paraguay, can't you? Although that is, of course, strictly speaking, a privilege of the Press.

NOT STOPPED BY THE SINN FEINERS ! AN IRISH MEET.

WITH THE WARD UNION HUNT AT CLONEE, CO. MEATH : SOME OF THE FOLLOWERS.



WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS : MRS. T. MOORE, MISS COWAN, AND MRS. WARD.

Our photographs show (O.P.S., as the abbreviation-loving photographer is too apt to write !) a meet of the Ward Union Hunt at Clonee, Co. Meath. There were rumours that Sinn Feiners were prepared to

interfere with the affair ; but no opposition was offered, and good sport was the result. Few Irishmen, or women, would find it in their hearts to put politics before sport.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]

DELEGATES FROM VARIOUS PIECES: COMEDY, MUSICAL



MISS NORAH SWINBURNE.



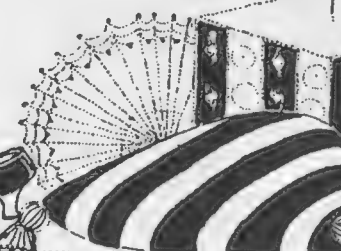
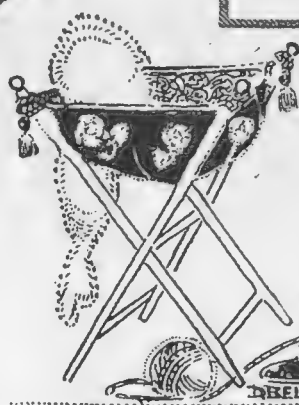
MISS MARJORIE GORDON.



MISS ETHEL BAIRD.



MISS HEATHER THATCHER.



Miss Norah Swinburne is appearing at the Strand Theatre as Regina Waterhouse in "Scandal."—Miss Marjorie Gordon was until recently the leading lady in "Going Up!" at the Gaiety, where her place has been taken by Miss Mabel Green.—Miss Clarice Mayne left the variety stage for a time to become principal boy in "Dick Whittington," the pantomime at the Palace Theatre, Manchester.—Miss Muriel Martin Harvey is to take a leading part with Mr. Seymour Hicks, in "A Certain Liveliness," by Mr. B. Macdonald Hastings, to be produced at the St. Martin's about the

ICAL COMEDY, REVUE, AND PANTOMIME ACTRESSES.



MISS CLARICE MAYNE.



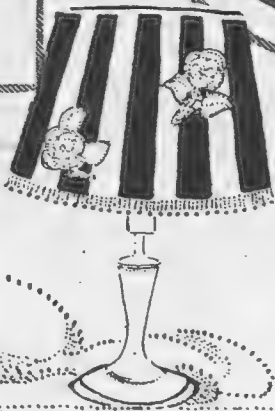
MISS MURIEL MARTIN HARVEY.



MISS PHYLLIS WHITNEY.



MISS MAIDIE ANDREWS.



middle of February.—Miss Heather Thatcher has played in "The Boy," at the Adelphi, throughout its long run, as Katie Muirhead, the music-mistress.—Miss Ethel Baird, we are informed, will shortly be seen in a new piece called "Oh, Don't, Polly!"—Miss Phyllis Whitney is in "Tails Up!" at the Comedy, where she understudies Miss Phyllis Monkman.—Miss Maidie Andrews is playing the part of Joan Stark in "Yes, Uncle!" now in its second year at the Shaftesbury.—[Photographs by Bertram Park, Rita Martin, Elliott and Fry, and Yevonde.]

SNAPSHOTS AT PEACE CONFERENCE PERSONALITIES :



1. BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE : LORD DERBY.

2. FRENCH PRESIDENT : M. POINCARÉ (IN TOP HAT).

5. BRITISH PRIME MINISTER : MR. LLOYD GEORGE (RIGHT).

6. CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE : M. CLEMENCEAU.

The camera-men have been exceedingly busy in Paris since the gathering of delegates for the Peace Conference. Seldom have they had such a chance to bag so many celebrities of world-wide renown within the limits of a single covert, and they have made good use of their opportunities. Snapshots are not always

BIG "BIRDS" BAGGED BY THE CAMERA IN PARIS.



3. UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF STATE : MR. ROBERT LANSING.

4. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES : MR. WILSON.

7. MARSHAL FOCH—WITH GENERAL WEYGAND.

8. BRITISH FOREIGN MINISTER : MR. BALFOUR.

flattering, but they are invariably interesting, and the above examples, taken on the opening day of the Conference, are particularly so at the present time. It will be recalled that the election of M. Clemenceau as Chairman of the Conference was proposed by President Wilson, and seconded by Mr. Lloyd George.



PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

SETTING THE BALL ROLLING.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HARDLY is one great ball over than another ball is in preparation, and guineas roll in, and there is much consultation about costumes—in the case of women sometimes, indeed, it is "much ado about nothing!" or over "the stuff that dreams are made on," what? Hardly have we time to recuperate from one long, if lively, sleepless night than to-morrow night is already to-night, and each and every one brings with it a dance, if not a ball! I wonder how we manage to preserve our looks; it is not even that we sleep during the day, for we do not feel we have enjoyed our tea unless it is a *thé dansant*. Neither is it that we dine leisurely, for even at dinner we must up and jazz between courses while the fish is getting cold on our plate; and we don't know which to be more interested in—the menu or the programme! Dancing has degenerated from a pleasure into a *malady*. I am full of sympathy towards my fellow-sufferers, for I am likewise afflicted with the dancing sickness, and know exactly how hopeless our case is—until some new craze comes along!

War-work was not in it as regards fatigue, yet the dancing sickness is upon us, and we don't care to be cured, we "don't want to get well," to quote the classics! I do believe that the only moments of rest we have nowadays are bath-time and ballet-time, for those are the two rites we religiously perform, jazz or no jazz. They are the things we would not think of missing. I will not insist on describing the first; but as to the ballet there are rules to be observed. You arrive at the Coliseum exactly two minutes after the curtain has risen on the Russian wonders; on your way you must carefully break into the ecstatic contemplation of as many stallites as possible, you tread on the greatest number of toes handy, you catch your stole-end in the monocle ribbon of the rapt gentleman in the third seat, and having established indisputably the fact you have arrived, and that for the Russian ballet only, you lastly sit down and try to teach your escort how to pronounce Russian names—you never can (because you yourself don't know how to), but it is great fun, and it prevents your neighbours from hearing the music. Should you occupy a box, in that case, of course, you must adopt other tactics to attract attention. Several methods offer themselves to you. You can drop your programme, your opera-glasses, or your shoulder-strap, according to circumstances. You can disappear (with him) at the right moment, upsetting your chair as you go, and reappear, also noisily, deliciously dishevelled, while he tries to keep his hand from brushing off his left shoulder. You can smoke, powder, rouge, or even polish your nails—anything, except appear interested.

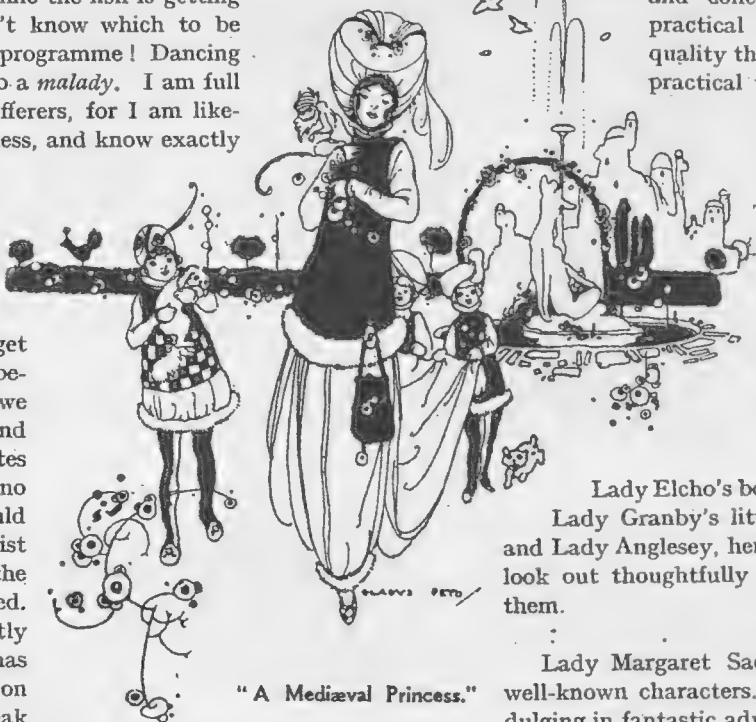
It is rather late in the day to talk of the ball of the year, the Stage Ball; besides, the whole world was there, and if not you, your wife! But three things intrigued me—first, who was the generous and anonymous person who sent me a ticket (I went there hoping that the Romantic and Rare One would reveal himself, but he didn't); secondly, why Miss Kyrle Bellew the beautiful and her masterful lord were not in the pageant nor anywhere at the ball (was it that honeyed hours are better spent far from the jazzing crowd?); thirdly, why in this otherwise wonderfully managed affair, one, and, indeed, many, should have to go hungry after dancing exhaustingly all night? I amused myself terrifically; but if my feet were glad, my little Mary was sad! I literally starved from two-thirty, by which time I had forgotten what my last meal had been, until breakfast-time, 6.30, when I reached home in a fainting and flopping condition. You see, at those affairs the management requests you not to bring the loaf of bread and the flask of wine without which even the resigned soul of Omar Khayyam

could not enjoy the Bird and the Bough and Her. In truth, it would hardly be decorative or dignified for a nymph, or a queen, or even the most Futurist Pierrette, to nurse greasy paper-bags suggestive of sausages or sandwiches, while a bottle's neck peeped from under her draperies; but could not a corner of one's ticket be made into a coupon entitling bearer to so much supper, no more, no less? And to charge two shillings for a small claret cup is—well, cool, *plutôt*!

I went in to the Duchess of Rutland's show of her work in aid of the Rutland Hospital the day before it was open, and saw the Duchess, looking handsome in black, doing a deal of spade-work herself, and concentrating on catalogues in a most practical way. Her work is so spiritual in quality that one does not expect a knowledge of practical things from her. There is a topping show of all sorts of people we all would like to know, including the beautiful Lady Diana Manners, whom her mother loves to picture. Here is a little bit of secret history about one sketch of Lady Diana; it was drawn while she was sitting to Major Ambrose McEvoy, the famous artist, by her mother, who went with her to the studio. Not many people have sat to two artists at once, and such delightful ones, too!

Lady Elcho's boy is charmingly portrayed; Lord and Lady Granby's little son is there under a pseudonym; and Lady Anglesey, her husband, and pretty little daughters look out thoughtfully at the well-known folk surrounding them.

Lady Margaret Sackville's goblins are becoming quite well-known characters. Soon, I hear, they will be seen indulging in fantastic adventures on the cinema. By the way, I hear from Scotland that Lady Margaret is busy writing and evolving new "little people" to serve as toys, and looking more like a mediæval princess than ever—one drawn by Rackham, for choice.



"A Mediæval Princess."



"Should you occupy a box."

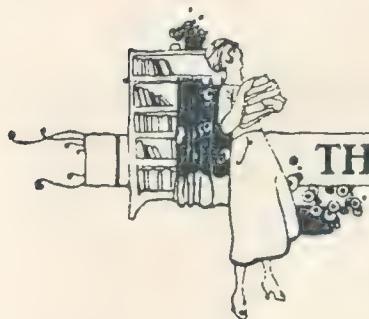
WIFE OF A 19TH EARL—AND A WAR-WORKER.

NURSING AT THE COULTER HOSPITAL: THE COUNTESS OF ROTHÉS.

The part played by the wives of our "old nobility" will occupy many bright pages when the annals of the war are fully written, for the record will be one of womanly sympathy and voluntary devotion to duty. If the roll of ladies who served as nurses during the war were to be drawn out *in extenso* it would be a surprise to many who have not followed the war-time list of helpers carefully. The Countess of Rothés, for instance, gave valuable aid as a worker at the Coulter

Hospital. Lady Rothés is the wife of the nineteenth holder of the title, which dates back to before 1457. Before her marriage, which took place in 1900, the Countess was Miss Noël Martha Dyer-Edwardes, only child of Mr. Thomas Dyer-Edwardes, J.P., of Prinknash Park, Gloucester, Hyde Park Gate, and Chateau de Retival, Caudebec en Caux, Normandy. The Earl and Countess have two sons—Lord Leslie, and the Hon. John Wayland Leslie, born respectively in 1902 and 1909.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



"THAT'S why I love Charles Garvice," said the Flapper; "he never disappoints you. He would have made George Cannon marry Margaret if she had kept him waiting ever so long."

A group of us were taking tea, and the talk had drifted to "The Roll-Call," which everybody seemed to have read.

"Margaret is charming," the Elderly Man conceded.

"Oh, yes!" the Flapper struck in. "And where George first sees her, when he is standing out in the dark street and she is at work in the lighted basement, with the blind up—I like that. And while they are going home in the hansom, after the Queen's Hall concert, and George quietly holds her hand, and takes her glove off—isn't all that sweet?"

"Bennett has rarely been more idyllic," agreed the Elderly Man; "but, if he had completed the idyll and married them, they couldn't have been happy ever after. A decent enough fellow, George; but pig-headed and a bully when roused. All the same, he was not really self-reliant; anybody with a cocksure opinion could discourage him. Margaret had no ambition; she would have idealised him and leaned on him, and they would have come a cropper together. He didn't love Lois Ingram half so much, but he did the best thing all round when he married her. She was ambitious. On the other hand, Margaret was resigned and blissfully happy with that gentle, mildly talented old creature, Mr. Prince, the etcher."

"The Bohemian scenes in Chelsea and the Paris bits are excellent, and I enjoyed the romance of the strange Miss Wheeler and her two lovers; but," said the Pretty Lady, "isn't the rest rather tame? The nice people are ordinary, and the naughty ones are not very nice, and their naughtiness is kept in the background."

"But how like life that is!" urged the Elderly Man. "Bennett is more of an artist and more of a realist in this book than he was in his last."

"Then he leaves the story unfinished," objected the Pretty Lady. "He shows you exactly how George went on and became a great architect, and designed that magnificent Town Hall, and was snubbed at the celebration dinner, where the contractor who merely built the place was glorified—"

"How admirably he touches in all that detail, too. The incidents in George's career, his love affairs, and the rest are not cunningly dovetailed into an ingenious plot," said the Elderly Man; "they just seem to happen, as things do in this world, and make a ragged-edged sort of story that interests you immensely."

"Then," the Pretty Lady pursued, "the war comes, and George throws up everything, leaves his wife just before the third baby is born, gets a commission in the Army, and is training to go to the front, when all of a sudden you are cut off and don't know what became of them all."

"Oh, but that doesn't matter," cried the Flapper. "There'll be another volume about that, of course. There always is now."

I couldn't get a word in myself, but I agreed with the Elderly Man. By the way, Gerald Cumberland, whose "Set Down in Malice" I mentioned last week, in crowning Bennett as a "very great writer," adds, "but you might gaze at him across a railway-carriage for hours at a time and never suspect it."

According to the lively, delightfully flippant "Letters of Eve," even the editor of *Punch* is "big and burly"; and she speaks of

"the nice, funny, beefy Mr. Belloc"; so, apparently, these also only look great in the wrong way. Still, you can't take Eve too seriously—though, for all their queer, amusing flippancies, her Letters are as vivid and faithful a picture of social life in London during the war as you will get in any more formal chronicle.

"An Uncensored Diary" is a less irresponsible but whimsically humorous record of what was going on in Germany, Belgium, and Austria-Hungary during the same period. Mrs. Bullitt's husband is an American

journalist, and she went to those countries with him before America entered the war. There was plenty of worry and excitement there, and some gaiety, but not so much of that as Eve found in London, for even in 1916 dough-balls had become a favourite dish in Berlin, and Mrs. Bullitt says that, when asked out to an evening festivity, "you feel like saying, 'I'll come to dinner if you'll first tell me what I'll have to eat. If my food's worse than yours, you win!'"

"To fly," says the author of "Rovers of the Night Sky," "is more fascinating than to read about flying"; but to read about it is sufficient fascination for some of us—and much safer. A gallant story, touched with grimness and gaiety, and alive with the keenest spirit of adventure.

If you are for quieter reading, "Lures of Life" is an ideal book of arm-chair essays—the shrewd thoughts and opinions of a man who has lived long enough to have outlived his illusions and to have learned the secret of finding happiness in those quiet byways of existence where a wise man can be contented with the little, lasting pleasures that the ambitious throw away. He muses on all manner of things, from the lure of old

furniture to the lure of the new democracy and the failure of the Churches, and his comments are always stimulating and suggestive.

BOOKS TO READ.

- The Roll-Call. By Arnold Bennett. (Hutchinson.)
 The Letters of Eve. By Olivia Maitland-Davidson. (Constable.)
 An Uncensored Diary. By E. D. Bullitt. (Stanley Paul.)
 Rovers of the Night Sky. By "Night Hawk," M.C. (Cassell.)
 Lures of Life. By Joseph Lucas. (Fisher Unwin.)
 The Glamour of Dublin. By D. L. Kay. (Dublin: Talbot Press.)
 A Short Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Ralph Shirley. (Rider.)
 Flower o' the Lily. By Baroness Orczy. (Hodder and Stoughton.)



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CHESSMEN MADE FROM CARTRIDGES: THE SET ON THEIR BOARD.

The chessmen here illustrated were made by Staff-Sergeant H. Henshaw, R.E. Wireless, Palestine. They are constructed entirely from British and French small-arms cartridges, with the help of a small file, a saw made from a table-knife, a pair of folding nail-scissors, and a small soldering-iron. The Sergeant thus employed his spare time for rather under a month, immediately after the advance from Gaza to Jaffa.

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THE FUTURE OF THE AIR SERVICE: MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

By C. G. GREY,
Editor of "The Aeroplane."

NATURALLY, all the people concerned with aeroplanes and airships have been mightily excited of late over the changes at the Air Ministry, for, apart from the fact that they at any rate believe—even if the Great British Public does not—that the future of the Empire depends on the future of the Flying Services, their personal interests are all more or less wrapped up in the doings of the new Air Ministry. A bad Air Ministry during the next few years means ruination to the Flying Services, to Civil Aerial Transport, and to the aircraft industry, and consequently to everybody concerned with flying or floating in the air. A good Air Ministry means that we shall be the leading Power in the air as we are on the sea.

Mr. Churchill and Captain Sueter. Rumour had it at first that Mr. Churchill was going to the Admiralty. That pleased the aeroplane and seaplane people, for Mr. Churchill, as First Lord in 1914, created the Royal Naval Air Service, and, with the help of Captain Murray Sueter, R.N., made it the best-equipped force of its kind in the world. Also he and Captain Sueter encouraged the few British aeroplane firms of the period to produce new types of machines at a time when the Army was using French machines and trying to build its own machines at the Royal Aircraft Factory at Farnborough, thus freezing out the British aircraft industry very thoroughly. Apart from endearing themselves to the "trade" in this way, Mr. Churchill and Captain Sueter really performed a great public service, for the aircraft firms which were kept alive by their policy eventually provided the R.F.C., as well as the R.N.A.S., with the best aeroplanes in the world, and so helped to win the war.

Airships and Aeroplanes.

The airship people were not so keen on Mr. Churchill going to the Admiralty, because it was always understood among them that he was hostile to airships, and, as all airships now belong to the Navy, they were afraid that they would be washed out. The belief seems to have arisen from the fact that when Mr. Churchill was in charge of aircraft at the Admiralty before the war he stopped work on the big airships which were then on order. The real reason seems to have been that, as he was only allowed a certain limited amount of money for the R.N.A.S., he chose to spend it all on aeroplanes and seaplanes. Which was quite a sound policy at the time. At least fifty good aeroplanes could be built for the price of one airship in those days, and, as aeroplanes were faster and could climb higher than airships, they were of greater use for purposes of war. Certainly the aeroplanes and seaplanes of the R.N.A.S. did more in the early days of the war than the German airships accomplished.

A Naval Man's Job.

Now, after all, Mr. Churchill has taken over both the War Office and the Air Ministry, so the airship people can feel happy, for the Navy has at last learned to believe in airships and to appreciate their value to a Fleet in Being. Airshipping is very clearly a naval man's job. The navigation and general working of an airship resembles

the working of a ship at sea much more than that of an aeroplane; and the airship officer or man finds himself much more at home with the Navy than he does with the Army or with the aeroplane people. The wish may be father to the thought, but in any case there is a very strong belief that the airship people of the Royal Air Force will go over bodily to the Navy very soon. Which would only be reasonable, seeing that the airships and all their equipment belong to the Navy, and that nothing belonging to them is bought by or provided by the Air Ministry except the clothes of the men. It would not be at all surprising to see the airship officers become pukka naval officers on April 1 next, when the next official financial year begins.



HOW THE STARVING GARRISON OF KUT WERE FED FROM THE AIR: AN AEROPLANE CARRYING FOOD TO THE BESIEGED TROOPS.

This photograph, which has just been released for publication, was taken in the camp of the 30th Squadron, R.F.C., at Sheikh Said, on the Tigris, and shows how food was conveyed to the gallant, starving garrison of Kut in March-April, 1916. The food was dropped in bags.

Official Photograph.

Amphibiousness Unpopular.

The aeroplane and seaplane people are not quite so happy about their future. Except for those who want to be demobilised, practically all the real soldiers in the R.A.F., and almost all the civilians who joined the R.F.C., and a very fair number of the people belonging to the shore-going squadrons of the R.N.A.S. want to transfer to the Army and come entirely under the admin-

istration of the War Office. The coast-patrol seaplane people almost to a man want to go back to the Navy, either as a revived R.N.A.S., or as naval officers (or ratings) who are specialists in seaplane work. The people on the seaplane-carrying ships, and on the ships from which ordinary aeroplanes are flown off platforms, also want to go back to the Navy. All the rest, chiefly consisting

of long-range bombing enthusiasts, would like to see a big and strong Independent Air Force built up, which would be administered and operated by the Air Ministry.

Two Other Appointments.

It will be interesting to see how things work out in the next year or so. If Mr. Churchill remains in his dual job for so long he will certainly do as much as possible to develop Service aviation, for his intense fondness for flying is well known. On the other hand, none of the flying people expect much from Major-General Seely, who, in spite of his expressed interest in the subject when he was at the War Office before the war, made some very

bad "breaks"—as the Americans call them. Confidence is given, however, by the appointment of Lord Londonderry, who is a notably sound business man, and holds the trust and respect of all who know his past record.



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Official Photograph.

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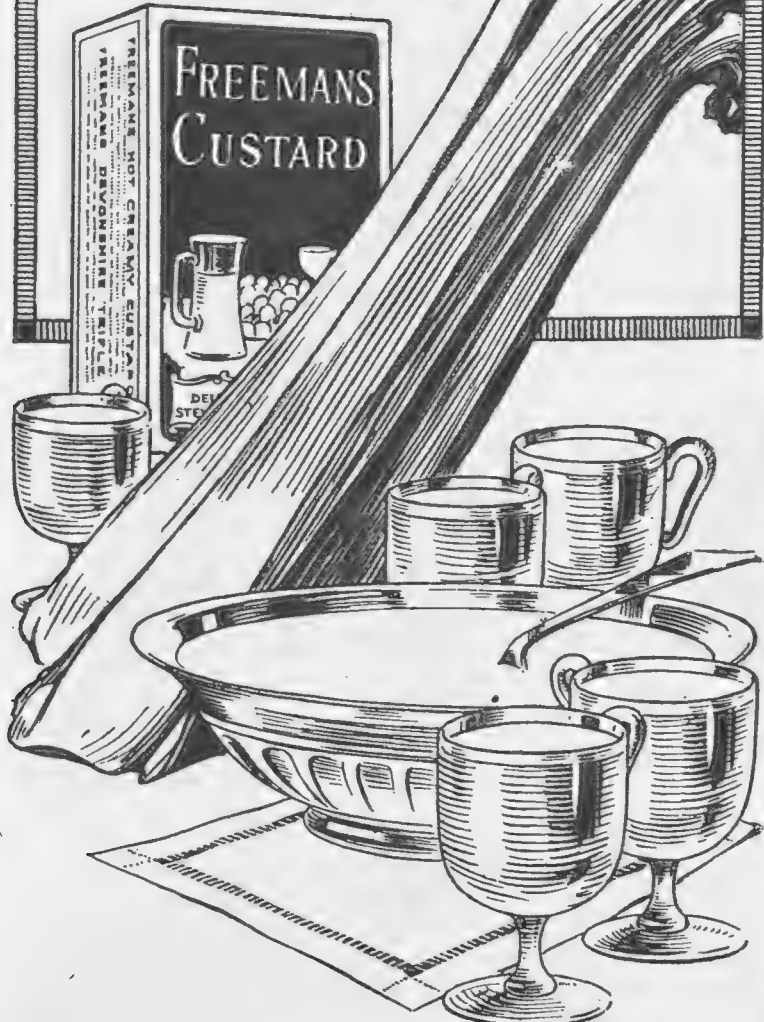
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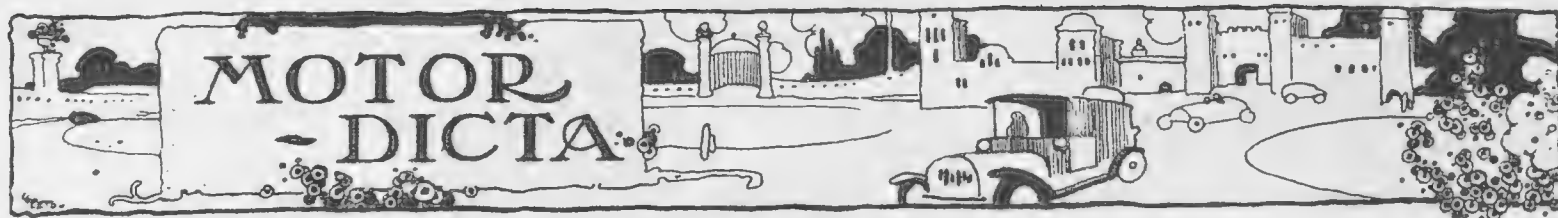
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THE POLITICS OF AUTOMOBILDOM: THE POLICE AGAIN. By GERALD BISS.

IN the days of my youth and frank innocence, when the House of Commons was accounted the first club in Europe, and folk were not out snatching for eight pounds a week and shilling dinners, I had pronounced Parliamentary aspirations myself, and used to dream of orating to some six hundred kindly and benevolent middle-aged gentlemen of sound standing, with polished manners and polished nails—plus the unruly Irish contingent, which prevented it from becoming the largest doss-house in Europe; but with advancing age I have grown to hate politics as they are played, and everything connected with them. The same with the politics of automobilism; and then, when you get the one inside the other—like “a dream within a dream,” as Corney Grain used to sing, but a nightmare at that—it makes one’s brain pound, one’s temperature bubble in the thermometer, and one’s rationed lips crack, while the family physician pronounces a third and probably final attack of the modern virulent brand of influenza.

An R.A.C. Parliamentary Committee.

So now, on top of the A.A.’s General Election campaign and my hints of hopes for unity of purpose, by the same post I receive information of the formation of an R.A.C. Parliamentary Committee, embracing many powerful and weighty folk in both spheres of alleged activity, standing or falling by itself, and the outline of a far larger and more comprehensive scheme, as the result of a preliminary meeting of all the leading bodies, to which, without wishing to arrogate claims or publicity to themselves as entities, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and the “A.A.” are seeking to give effect by placing things upon a practical working basis, each guaranteeing a substantial sum, and inviting others to do so in proportion to their overdrafts, so that a properly equipped Parliamentary campaign in the general interests of all motorists and motoring may be launched and sustained with unity of purpose and unity of action. It is a common cause to all, and the projected scheme is designed to benefit no body or individual personally.



VÉDRINES LANDS—INTENTIONALLY—ON TOP OF A STORES: THE AEROPLANE ON THE SAND-BAGGED ROOF.

Védrines, the famous French pilot, has just won a prize of £1000 offered to the first airman to land on a roof intentionally. He flew from Issy-les-Moulineaux, over the Grands Boulevards of Paris, and alighted on the roof of a large stores near the Opera House. His machine was damaged. The roof is about 45 feet wide—and the space of the aeroplane’s wings about 40 feet.

Photograph by C.N.

Wanted—Unity of Action.

Is it too late to hope that some basis of unity all round will be arrived at before the schisms in automobilism make their members to mock and the various motoring bodies a laughing stock? Lack of unity not only makes for failure, but means duplication and re-duplication in the expenditure of motorists’ money—trust funds, after all.

The proposal launched does not provide so much for a new motoring corporation, of which we already have ample and to spare—to say nothing of one or more new ones in their birth-pains—but a special organisation for a special specified purpose, representing all, and mutually financed, to the greater economy both of money and of power—a sort of Imperial General Staff of motoring to direct,



FIGHTING THE SUBMARINE BY PETROL-POWER, IN EASTERN WATERS: “COVERING” A SMALL VILLAGE WHILE A PATROL SEARCHED THE HOUSES FOR SUSPECTS THOUGHT TO BE CONCERNED IN CREATING U-BOAT SUPPLY-BASES.

Photograph supplied by Topical.

concentrate, and give effect to the operations of each and all in the matters of legislation, taxation, roads, and fuel. If we don’t get actions instead of words this time—inaction combined with extravagance and re-duplicated expenditure—it will not only be serious at this reconstructional crisis, but possibly fatal; and people will kick—and kick devilish hard, too!

The Game of Road-Hog and Hedge-Hog.

With such a welter of politics within politics—Sinn Fein butting up against Coalition in automobilism—there is precious little time or space to write about other things; and I would eschew them all, if I did not deem them important at the moment to the emancipation of motoring. As it is, the police are once more on the war-path, and I have not the faintest doubt that, as soon as we get a little better weather—if ever such a thing should happen as a change in the habits of our new peace-time barometer—we shall find the merry game of road-hog and hedge-hog renewed with great gusto by the police, the latter in these days having the whip-hand more than ever with their recent practical experience of camouflage and digging in under circumstances more vital to themselves. As it is, this new campaign, which started on Sunday week and will continue for a month, ’tis said, is a much more straightforward affair, of which—mark you, my merry motorists—Scotland Yard gave due warning early in December, which I, with my usual fidelity, brought to your notice. The object is to see that, with the revival of civilian motoring, everything is in order under the various regulations—lighting, cut-outs, etc.—number-plates are not defaced or illegible, and that licences have been properly renewed, and so forth. Moreover, it is whispered that in these latter days of loot, when every man’s hand is against

his fellow, there has been no inconsiderable number of private and Government cars purloined and faked for re-sale; and, with the dear Conscientious Objectors due ere long to be released from Dartmoor, a new population will be urgently required for this granite colony, whose grim portals, with such charming irony, reproduce the kindly advice of King Anchises—*Parcere Subjectis*.

1919

Craven

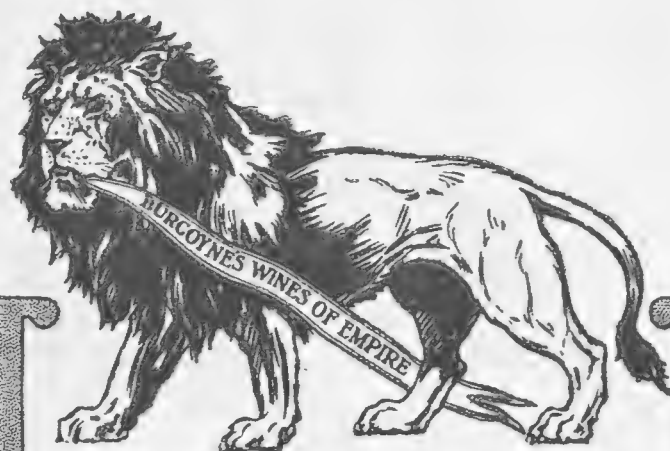
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Smith's Starting & Lighting System

KEEP ON SENDING THEM OXO.

"The war is not yet over," and the call of our men in France and other war zones is still for OXO, as the two following letters received last week show :—

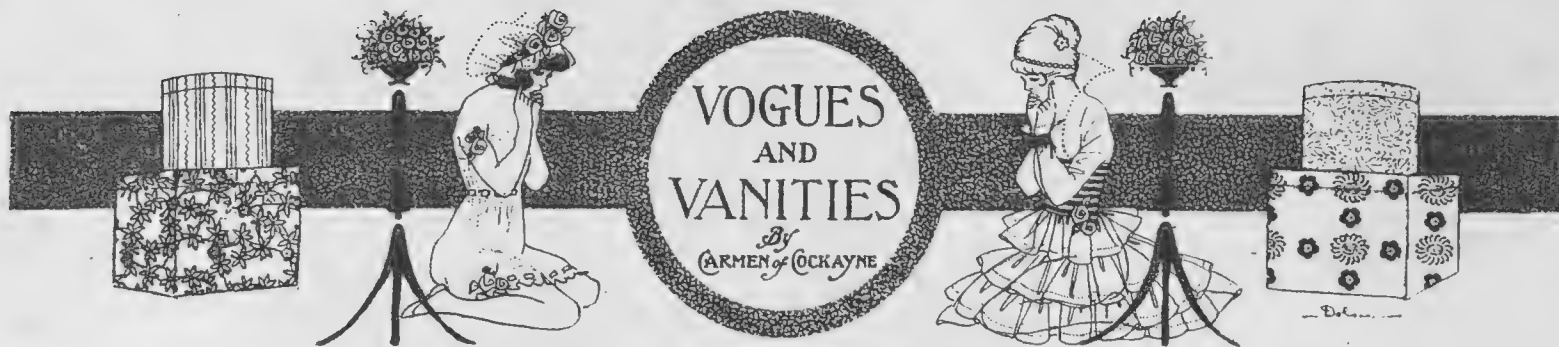
From a Company Sergt.-Major, British Expeditionary Force:

"Will you please quote me the cost (including postage) of OXO, as I am unable to obtain it where I am stationed."

From a Private, British Expeditionary Force:

"Would you kindly let me know if I could buy OXO from you and the price of same so that I could send on the money. It is difficult to obtain here."

OXO



Looking Forward. With the passing of winter fashions, the last remnant of anything likely to recall the war disappears from the modish horizon. Those who are brave enough to prophesy are talking about "a return to the feminine," "a

reaction in favour of frivolity," "an outburst of gaiety," and other interesting developments. Very few understand what the terms mean—the only people who really know are the dress-makers, and for the moment their lips are sealed. In February perhaps, by March for certain, something definite will be known about the new fashions. Who ever heard of any sensible *couturier* "giving himself away" before the sales were safely over and the bargain harvest duly gathered in?

the crown and a tuft of specially picked paradise to finish it—like the one Dolores shows on this page—to bits of ribbon eked out with "dabs" of coloured felt. The felt and the ribbon suggest a patchwork effect. They do, but in such a way that patchwork, for once, looks the most desirable form of smartness the mode has to show. Black hats, too, promise to play a prominent rôle in fashionable schemes. Black satin or silk are the two mediums chiefly used for those intended to accompany the tailored suit which has been seen about so much of late. Simplicity of design and trimming seems to be the chief thing aimed at. Ornament is, for the most part, confined to a "palisade" of osprey, or, for those whose purses can't stand "the racket" of osprey, heron-feathers.

About the Hats on This Page.

Choosing a hat is, as any woman will tell you, the

most difficult thing in the world. Assistants, too, have views on the matter which might surprise many of their customers; but that's by the way. The difficulty this year is not going to be so much what to choose, as what to refrain from adding to the contents of your millinery cupboard. Dolores has sketched several hats for the benefit of those interested in the sub-

ject. They give five aspects of the mode. Others can be studied at Debenham's. Decoration, it seems, can be placed anywhere. In the case of the youthful-looking affair, the navy-blue faille original of which is so becomingly rolled up at one side, the spray of dull-pink roses made from glacé silk is perched precariously on the extreme edge of the brim. Smocking has hitherto been regarded as a decoration for children's frocks, though now and again some *débutante*, greatly daring, has experimented with it on her clothes. This year, however, sees it raised to hat level. The plain model which suggests itself as the natural complement of a "tailor-made" is not really quite so plain as it looks. The material—Rose du Barri silk—is smocked all over, and the model strikes an entirely new note in hat fashions. It is to be had in taffeta in all sorts of gay colours as well as in black, which largely increases its usefulness, besides being certain to add to its popularity.

Like Charity.

Like charity, the hat with the upstanding mole and yellow feather mount in front will cover a multitude of sins—in this case sins of omission that must be laid at the door of careless Nature. The hat itself is of shiny black liséré straw, and the peak-like brim in front helps, besides acting as a screen, to throw a becoming shadow over tell-tale eyes and accumulating wrinkles. The helmet-shaped affair is in burnt orange-straw, dull and polished varieties being plaited together. The flat felt flowers that decorate the front, besides exhibiting a variety of cheery colours, are stitched down with even more cheery wools.

Early Millinery.

Hats, however, are always early arrivals, and though one hat—or half-a-dozen, for that matter—does not

Smocking is the latest notion for spring hats. This one is of dull pink silk.

make a mode, there is enough of new spring millinery in the salons at Debenham and Freebody's, in Wigmore Street, to tell the most casual observer that women's heads will look more attractive than ever when the fine weather comes. New hats exhibit all sorts of interesting features. What's more, they show fashion determined to provide for every type of face as well as for owners of all ages. The last point is particularly interesting, and will be welcomed more especially by those fashionables who have been forced—owing to the diminutive size of winter hats—to display more of their mature beauty to an unsympathetic world than they desired, or it appreciated.

About Brims.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that we are in for an orgy of "picture" hats. The newcomers have brims, it is true, but they are of the strictly "rationed" variety. Large enough to rouse curiosity about what lies underneath—not large enough to make gratification of it, if not impossible, at least difficult. A great many models show brims of the poke-bonnet persuasion, regulated to meet modern taste. They are becoming as well as attractive, and are especially becoming to youth. But then, most hats are. It's only when you are on the wrong side of thirty that clothes become a serious consideration, instead of a delightful form of frivolity. Even brims, however, have their fancies. There is no particular reason why a close-fitting toque of aquamarine liséré, with a closely plastered wreath of flowers set about it, should develop into a point at the left side. What really matters is that what seems to be mere freakishness really helps to make it more becoming; and most women will find in that a quite good enough reason for wearing it.

Material Considerations.

There used to be an idea that spring hats should be made of straw. They were at one time; they are no longer. Lovely

Bonnet-shaped hats are becoming to youth. The curls, of course, are quite optional.

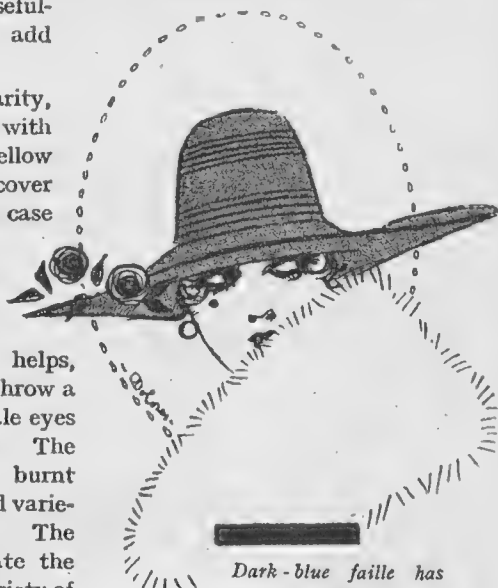
woman is not expected, whatever her years, to face the brighter weather supporting garlands of snowdrops or bunches of daffodils, or even early violets, on her head. If millinery were the only guide to the "seasons," all count of them would soon be lost. Spring hats are made of anything, from black tulle with strands of sphinx jet on



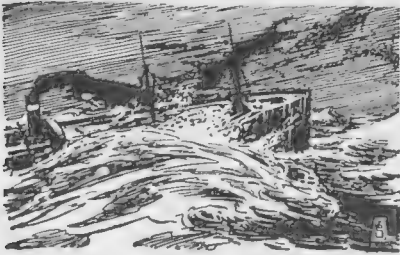
For all its severity, this hat of black liséré and mole-coloured ribbon is very becoming.



Most of it is a paradise plume, but it is none the worse for that.



Dark-blue faille has enough confidence in its own merits to do without any but the smallest amount of trimming.



Will you help the dependants of the Merchant Seamen who bravely faced the risks of War-time Navigation to bring you food?

The toll of life in the Merchant Service during the War was colossal. Thousands of gallant seamen lost their lives to keep the people at home from starvation. Do you wish to see the dependants of these brave men left to starve after they did their best to keep **you** from starvation?

THE MERCANTILE MARINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION is carrying on the good work of relieving distress by providing pensions for the widows of seamen who lost their lives at the post of duty.

How much will you give towards this necessary work? Your duty is clear: fill in the contribution form and post your donation to-day.

CONTRIBUTION FORM.

To the **SECRETARY, Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Building, Water Street, LIVERPOOL** (Incorporated by special Act of Parliament).

In appreciation of the gallant efforts and noble sacrifices of our Merchant Seamen, I enclose the sum of £..... towards the funds of your Association.

Name.....

Address.....

Cheques or Postal Orders should be made payable to the **Mercantile Marine Service Association**, and crossed "Bank of Liverpool, Ltd., Not Negotiable."

NEW SELF-HAIRCUTTER

KEEPS HAIR ALWAYS SMART AND TRIM EVERY MAN SHOULD HAVE ONE SENT ON FREE APPROVAL.

The latest convenience in life is cutting your own hair just as simply as shaving. At first officers and men of the British and Overseas Dominions and U.S.A. Armies and Navies used the whole output of this splendid invention. Now, to demonstrate the efficiency and simplicity of "Everyman's" Safety Haircutter to the general public, it has been arranged to send one entirely upon approval to everyone who wishes to try it. Simply fill in and forward

Form below. The size in neat case with comb and extra blades is 7½ in. by 1¾ in. by 1 in., weight only 4 oz. It may be seen and tried at 43, Leicester Square, London, or



will be forwarded on approval on receipt of form below. You will be delighted with this remarkably practical toilet accessory. Shopkeepers who supply men's goods should write for sample and trade terms.

"CUT OUT AND POST."

DEAR SIRS, Please send me "Everyman's" Safety Haircutter on approval, for which I enclose the price £1. 1. 0, upon the understanding that if I return the Haircutter you refund the price less only 1/- for packing, postage, insurance, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

To SERVICE SAFETY HAIRCUTTER CO., (Room 50) 43, Leicester Square, London, W.C. 2

FARMING TAUGHT

Every branch of FARMING, DAIRYING, and LAND AGENCY taught. Prospectus free. THE AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE (Sec. H), KNARESBOROUGH, YORKS.

BY POST

OBAYO
REAL
SARDINES

The Elite of the Sea

The TYRES with the WAR RECORD



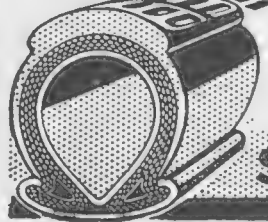
THE TEST OF THE GRIP.

EVERY car fitted with Goodrich Full-Sized Safety-Tread Tyres can be relied upon to give first-rate service on the greasy roads of town, the rough roads of country, and under the trying conditions at the Front. The famous Five-Finger Grip is the distinctive feature which makes Goodrich the safest tyre for War Service at Home or Overseas and ensures absolutely non-skid running all the time. You can depend on Goodrich Tyres gripping the greasiest of roads. Fit them to *your* car and prove it for yourself. All good Dealers stock them. Ask yours.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO. LTD.

117-123 Golden Lane, London, E.C.1

GOODRICH
Full Sized
Safety Tread
TYRES



STILL ON SERVICE

YOUR HAIR PERMANENTLY WAVED

BY
MARCEL'S
SURPASSES ALL
AND
WILL DEFY
SHAMPOOING,
TURKISH
BATHS
OR
SEA-BATHING



This is because Marcel's, after many years of careful study, have perfected the method of permanently waving the hair to resist all conditions which in the ordinary way tend to give unsatisfactory results. The straightest hair can be permanently waved. Short hairs are made into small curls, producing a perfect, natural effect. In fact, when waved by Marcel's it is impossible to tell that the hair is not naturally wavy. The hair does not look frizzy, as is so often the case when not properly treated.

FREE DAILY DEMONSTRATIONS are given at Marcel's Salons to those ladies who care to call at any time, but if it is not convenient to call, there are expensive devices by which ladies may wave their own hair at home with just the same permanent effect. The Outfits also produce quite natural and soft waves, no matter whether you use the Marcel "Perm" Outfit for £23 10s., "Grand Perm B" Outfit for £24 4s., or the "Grand Perm A" Outfit for £26 6s. The only difference lies in increased simplicity of use with increased cost. We shall be delighted to send to any address copies of testimonials and full particulars of the MARCEL PERMANENT WAVING OUTFITS FOR HOME USE on receipt of the coupon at foot duly filled in.

[These Outfits are specially suitable for use abroad and for countries where heat, damp and tropical conditions prevail. This has been proved over and over again by testimonials received.]

COUPON.

The Secretary, MARCEL'S PERMANENT, Ltd., 353, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SIR.—Please send me full particulars of the inexpensive MARCEL HAIR-WAVE for HOME USE, for which I enclose a 3d. stamp.

Name.....

Address.....

The Sketch 29/1/19.



"**THAT** comes of eating good-class sweets, my girl. None of your cheap stuff for me. Pascall's every time. And if they haven't any left, I wait till they get some more—or go elsewhere."

Pascall
Confectionery

SWEETS AND CHOCOLATES

Composed of ingredients of exceptionally high food value. Only the best goes in to the Pascall Factories and only the best comes out. And the safeguards adopted ensure purity and hygiene throughout every process.

Pascall Specialties are obtainable—unfortunately only in limited quantities—at Confectioners

JAMES PASCALL, LTD., LONDON, S.E.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Sympathy. All mothers' hearts will go out in sympathy to the Queen, who has lost her youngest son, and experienced the first break in her happy and united family. Prince John was the biggest and finest baby born to her, and he was a physically beautiful boy, and mentally as bright as any child could be. His brain was, in fact, too active, and it was necessary to keep him back rather than to encourage him to use it. He had an affliction which it was hoped that he might outgrow; but that hope was not fulfilled; it became worse, and finally ended his young life. A cheery, merry, lovable child, he was interested in everything and everybody, and was the least shy of all the Royal children. It was good to see how he enjoyed the parties for little people with which Princess Victoria celebrated her birthdays before the war. As her Royal Highness's birthday came six days before Prince John's, it was looked upon as also his party. The King and Queen will take their sorrow bravely, but it is a deep one.

The Cars that Do Not Run. Women are even more impatient than men for a resumption of motoring. It means more to us: taxi-men in acquisitive mood are real terrors to women; there are parcels we cannot carry; terrible struggles are necessary for any kind of locomotion; and, meanwhile, our cars are sitting in garages jacked up and useless while there is a sea of petrol available. Also the price of the spirit, with 6d. a gallon tax, makes motoring prohibitive. The Automobile Association has taken the matter up, and anyone willing to help in any way should sign the form which will be found in *The Sketch*, and send it to Fanum House, Whitcombe Street, W.C.2., or communicate there at once. It is really well to move, for motor-car owners have long had much to bear; and it is quite time there should be secured a regulation of the price of fuel and other things necessary to the encouragement of motoring. I think, since we cheerfully gave up using our cars, and many of us (self included) paid a licence for a year, and had only three months'



A cosy cloak of mole-coloured velours cloth, with a white fur collar, and fastened down the front with tiny buttons.

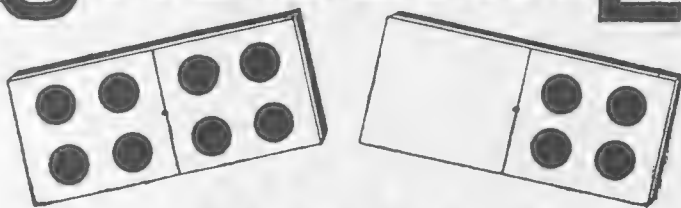
running, we should now be allowed to take out a licence, when it suits, to the corresponding time in next year.

The Dandies. No doubt we shall have a day of "dandies" once more when khaki can be more freely changed for "civvy." Before Waterloo there were lots of men celebrated for dandyism. Previous to our latest outbreak, men seemed inclined to cultivate their figures once again, and coats gave evidence of corsets. Probably that will be the chief line adopted by the returning and triumphant warriors. A man who leads in dress has to be very careful—much more so than a woman. One could always appreciate the perfect dressing of the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Earl Spencer (when, as the Hon. Robert Spencer, he was about the Court), and a few other men whom their own sex acknowledged knew how to dress. Any attempt to emulate Beau Brummell and set fashions was speedily squashed by ridicule. Women can do this without fear of anything worse than failure—but not men. The male law of dress is unwritten, but exaggeration in any way is anathema.

Hand Jewellery. Our hands are as clean after war-work as are the hands of Britain after winning the war. It really is surprising to look round a luncheon-table where "demobbed" V.A.D.s are imbibing sustenance, and see how white and soft their hands are. If I did not hear them comparing notes about the difficulties of cleaning gas-stoves, and the rival merits of scraping or peeling potatoes, or the conveniences of modern arrangements for

(Continued over leaf)

URODONAL



ON "ALL FOURS"

is not the most convenient mode of locomotion.

THIS, however, is the unhappy lot of many who have neglected Nature's warning. That first twinge of Rheumatism, or Gout, or Lumbago, perhaps the result of a carelessly caught chill.

Neglect of such symptoms is too often followed by impregnation of the system by Uric Acid, which gradually encrusts the muscular and nervous tissues, poisons the blood, and leads to Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatoid Arthritis, and other painful and dangerous ills.

URODONAL expels this abnormal and dangerous excess of Uric Acid from its strongholds, eliminates it from the system and prevents its recurrence.

It is preferable to be wise **before** than **after**. No chances should be taken in such an important matter as Health. Take URODONAL as a precaution against Rheumatism, Gout, and the innumerable ailments of which excess of Uric Acid is the chief cause, and thus ensure perfect Health and freedom from such troubles.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 and 12/6, from the British Agents, HEPPELLS, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Full descriptive literature sent post free on application to HEPPELLS.

'SUPER' FOOTWEAR for Officers

OFFICERS' SUPER SERVICE BOOT

Made in Tan Willow and Tan Grain.

Hand-Sewn
Welts ...

55/-

Real Hand-
Sewn ...

84/-

NEW MILITARY
BROCHURE
The Officers' Guide to
Footwear.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.
54, REGENT STREET, W.
(Opposite Swan & Edgar's)
434, Strand, W.
121, High Holborn, W.C.
London and Paris.





Your Boy always looks best in a "Rowe Sailor Suit"

Wherever the British flag floats, Rowe's Sailor Suits for boys are known and worn by boys that salute the Union Jack.

Made within gunshot of Nelson's flag-ship, "Victory," they embody the traditions of the British Navy, are correct in every detail and would pass the inspection of the Lord High Admiral.

Rowe
of Gosport

78 High St.

GOSPORT

(Also at 106 New Bond St., London W.1)



Every Boy should have a copy of
"THE STORY OF THE SAILOR SUIT"
Showing in pen and picture the
Uniforms of British Tars in every
period of history. Send a post-card
for a free copy of Booklet No. 2 to
WM. ROWE & Co. 78 High St. GOSPORT



CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our stock contains a wonderful variety of dainty and inexpensive garments for little boys and girls.

LITTLE BOY'S SUIT in kimona style; white linen trimmed with border of two contrasting colours. The shades of border may be had in cherry and mauve, pink and mauve, pink and sky, butcher and pink.

Size for 2 years	...	Price	49/6
" 3 "	"	"	55/9
" 4 "	"	"	59/6

N.B.—This Establishment is now open on Saturdays.

**Debenham
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W.1

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



Walpole
BROS. LTD.
89
90 NEW BOND ST. W.

SALE BARGAIN.

SALE CLOSES
END OF JANUARY.

(3 days allowed for post orders)

UNIQUE OFFER.

SMART SHIRT

in the Walpole quality of Shanghai Silk that will wash without impoverishment until worn out. The contrasting shade of Silk on the Back Collar, Pockets and Cuffs is absolutely fast colour.

The Model is perfectly cut, easy in wear, finished pearl buttons, and has a harmony of delicate contrast which gives to it the "Walpole" touch of distinction.

SALE PRICE

27/6

Colours of Back Collar, Pockets and Cuffs: Pink, Mauve, Lemon.

Sizes 42, 44, 46, and 48.

One Blouse only, as illustrated, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.



INEXPENSIVE TAILOR SHIRTS

ALL our Shirts are our own exclusive designs. They are exceptionally well cut from dependable materials, and entirely fill the present demand for practical and becoming shirts at a particularly moderate price.

TAILORED SHIRT in washing Schaffe Crêpe, inset sleeve, full gathered fronts, smart collar and rever. Small handkerchief pocket.

Price 25/9

Also in good white Japanese Silk at the same price.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

N.B.—This Establishment is now open on Saturdays.

VENN'S UNDIES

LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM.

READERS of the *Sketch* will be interested to hear that MADAME VENN is arranging to visit these towns during February, in order to give clients an opportunity of seeing a range of the many and varied wares of the House of Venn. Actual dates will be advertised in due course.

No. 97. A Nighty made of good Crêpe, with adorable collar and inset Butterfly, in contrast shades.

As sketch £3 3

In Ivory and any shade. In Lemon and Black, Black and White, Sky and Pink, Champ, and Helio, and many others.

A New Illustrated Catalogue is now in preparation, and all inquiries will be filed and dealt with in the course of the next few weeks.

VENNS Ltd.,

14-15, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

'Phone: - - - Mayfair 1407

No. 62. Dainty handveined Combie, of good quality Crêpe with self or contrast coloured bands and veining.

As sketch 52/6

In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Helio, Champ, Lemon, Rose, Black, Emerald, etc.

IRISH LINEN

Robinson & Cleaver's

TABLE DAMASK

To those who appreciate the best in Table Linen, yet possess an eye to economy, we can offer the finest Irish Linen at "direct prices," for we are actual manufacturers.

Samples of Linen, made upon our own looms in County Down, together with price lists, sent post free.

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38N, Donegall Place,
BELFAST

Established 25 years. 12 Gold Medals.

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The Naval, Military, Mufti, and Ladies' Tailor.

"THE" HOUSE FOR
MUFTI DRESS & SERVICE KIT
Only Maker of "HALLZONE" Ideal "GOLD MEDAL" RIDING BREECHES

Officers' Service Jacket, from 126/-; Slacks, fr. 50/-; Trenchcoat, fr. 147/-; Leggings, fr. 30/-; Breeches, fr. 75/-; Warmcoat, fr. 147/-; Puttees, fr. 9/6
BLUE UNDRESS UNIFORMS A SPECIALITY.

LADIES' SALON (207, Oxford St., W.) Exclusive Designs. COATS & SKIRTS (silk lined) fr. 8 1/2 Gns. RIDING HABITS A SPECIALITY. fr. 10 Gns.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS from £8 8s.
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form for SERVICE DRESS, BREECHES, SUITS, etc.
OFFICERS ON LEAVE AND VISITORS TO LONDON can leave record measures for future use, or order and fit same day.
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MIXTURE
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HOWARDS' TABLETS ASPIRIN

A leading doctor states that the difference between HOWARDS' and other brands is "SIMPLY MARVELLOUS"

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THE FORMULA OF A SPECIALIST FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF

PYORRHOEA

DENTAL PASTE 2/3 per tube. MOUTH WASH 2/9 per bot. Use in place of your present dentifrice as a preventive. Of Chemists, or postage paid in U.K. from ORISAL, Ltd., 77, George St., Portman Sq., W.1.

Safety first!

Aldemint Antiseptic Throat Tablets (Comp.: Lactose & Formaldehyde) are an effectual protection against the germs of Influenza, Pneumonia, and all Laryngeal ailments.

Aldemint

Regd. Sold in bottles containing 50 tablets, 2/- of all Chemists. Directions: Allow one tablet to slowly dissolve in the mouth at intervals SOUTHALL BROTHERS & BARGOLAY, Ltd., Manufacturers of "Vifafer." Lower Priory, BIRMINGHAM.

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J. W. BENSON'S

LUMINOUS 'ACTIVE SERVICE' WATCH

VISIBLE AT NIGHT.

Silver, £3.15

Gold, £10 Others—in Silver from £3 3s.

In Hunter or Half-Hunter cover. Silver, £4. 10 Gold, £12. 12 Fine quality Lever movement, in strong Case. Dust and Damp Proof.

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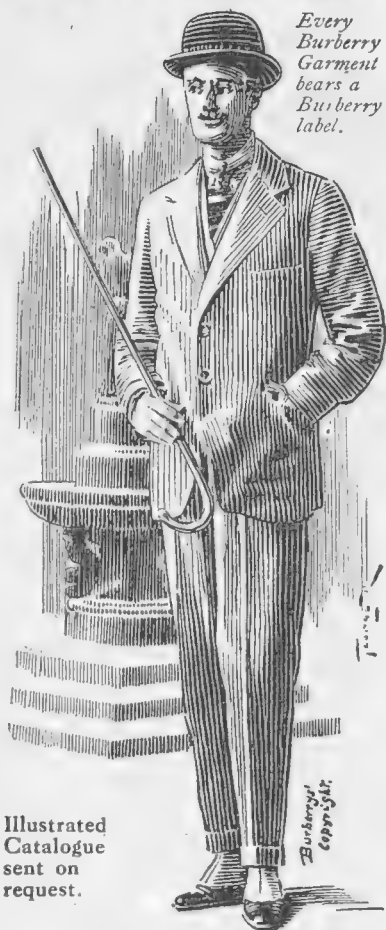
Burberry Completed Suits, for Sport, Town or Evening, can be supplied Ready to Put On in fifty different sizes, or made to measure in two to four days.

Civilian or Military.
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Weatherproof Topcoats, Suits, Gowns, Hats for Men, Women and Children

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Tailored by picked West-end
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TEA FROCK, as sketch, with
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ninon over tinsel, draped skirt
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A most attractive and useful
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In various colours, no black.

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are as easily
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“Pearline” is obtainable from
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Vanity Fair

A perfume of rare beauty and quality.

The delicacy of its exquisite fragrance charms the
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It creates for its user an atmosphere of refinement
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Vanity Fair Perfume ... 6/3, 9/6, 17/6, 35/- per bottle.
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Of all high-class Chemists and Perfumers, and from
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For all purposes where a washing silk can be used it should be "Lista," and no other.

This Pure Silk has a wonderful richness and durability, and is dyed in the fastest dyes to insure style and quality. Look for the word "Lista" on the selvedge.



LISTA
PURE SILK

Guaranteed and Manufactured by
Lister & Co., Ltd, Manningham Mills,
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Keep warm, well-nourished, and
don't let your vitality run down

Avoid
**COLDS,
CHILLS**
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INFLUENZA

Prevention is better
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expensive.

Nature pro-
vides her
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FORT-REVIVER

FORTIFIES and REVIVES.

A highly concentrated
NON-ALCOHOLIC fruit
food which imparts tone to
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Luscious, Fresh and British.

Epidemics do not attack the healthy body.
FORT-REVIVER makes the body healthy and
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Should you find any difficulty in obtaining Newman's
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London Offices, 41-42, Upper Rathbone Place, W.1.



Something Distinctive

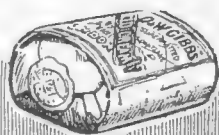
in the way of soap is Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap, famous for its softening and beautifying effects on the complexion since 1712

By virtue of the Cold Cream combined with the purity of all the materials used in the manufacture of this soap, it is not only a cleansing agent, but a skin food.

Of all Chemists. 6d. per Tablet

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COLD CREAM
SOAP WORKS,
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Established 1712.



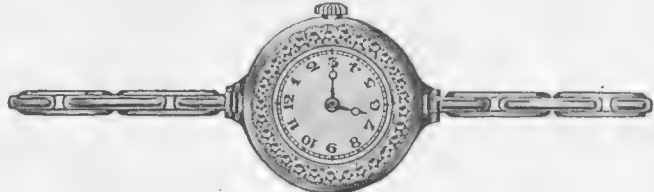
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TRIAL SAMPLES
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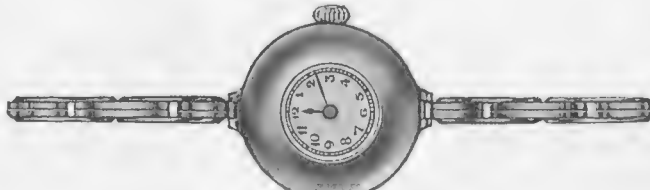
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Selections
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We have just received a new selection from Paris in most attractive, fashionable shades.

The present scarcity of wool limits the supply, and we therefore advise our clients to give us an early call.

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WITH WHITE or BLACK DIAL, LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

Section showing Damp
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Wilson and Gill's "Service" Wristlet Watches are fitted with an extra stout and practically unbreakable bevelled crystal glass. Immense numbers are now in use, and have proved their thorough reliability during the present campaign.

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ELVERY'S At
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in special light-
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All sizes. Price
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FAWN
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Strong and
reliable.

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FAWN
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Super Quality.

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ELVERY'S
SILK
"FEATHER-
WEIGHTS."
Real Value for
3 1/2 Gns.

Warm Wraps
A nice choice
awaits selection.

A number of Oddments will be on sale at
1 1/2 Guineas.

ON APPROVAL. — Send height and
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All moneys refunded in full immediately
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Limited
Est. 1850.
Elephant House,
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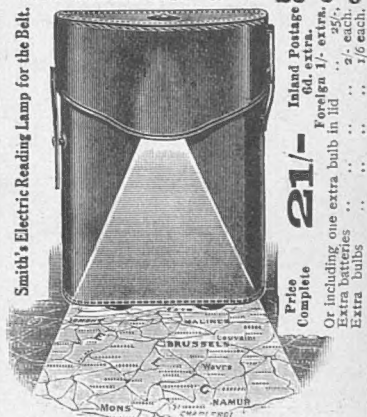
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LUMINOUS



FRONT
ABSOLUTELY
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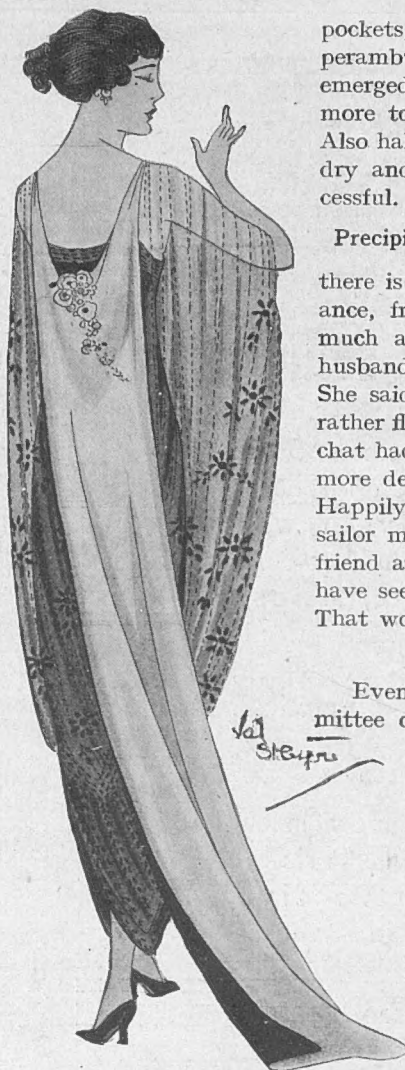
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washing up, I might think they were just show V.A.D.s. However, they were quite pleased to tell me that their hands were really a great care to them. They used quantities of water, and always Beetham's La-rola. This they carefully applied every time they "washed paws," and always dressed their hands with it at night. Now they are free to wear their rings and bangles once again, the hands are suitable for such ornaments. One poor "scullery" had not been so careful, and she said wistfully she might just as well sell her rings, it would be so long before she could wear them!

A Contrast. Of marrying and giving in marriage we are all gaily conversing, with a ducal and a Royal wedding looming up on two consecutive days. Princess Patricia of Connaught's ears may well burn, for every detail of her wedding has been discussed and settled by her hosts—or should I write, hostesses?—of admirers. Her wedding, although it will be quieter than was intended, will be a contrast to the last one I remember in the great Abbey. The bridegroom was Canon Carnegie—tall, fine, powerful-looking Churchman; and the bride was the widow of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, one of the sweetest and nicest-looking of American ladies. The wedding was about breakfast-time, the company a tiny one; yet it seemed not at all dwarfed in the grand surroundings. If it was small, it was also great, like our own Island, for everyone in it was somebody. That was in 1916, of anxiety and stress. The ceremony of the 27th of next month will be in a far different atmosphere.

Too Much of Aqua. January has taken over February's "fill dyke" duties, and, like all deputies, is quite over-doing it. However, it is an ill rain that does no one good. I was in the Aquascutum Company's place in Regent Street the other day, among a number of people wanting to be aquascuted. I found the firm very busy indeed; but they were quite prompt in making me a garment. I find the attentions of Jupiter Pluvius being personally conducted off me by a coat provided with capacious



Black satin and jet with jet-embroidered net draperies go to the making of this graceful evening gown. Its train is of white velvet, lined with black satin, and is trimmed with a spray of flowers and fruit in vivid colours.

pockets, and most presentable in appearance. After perambulating in the streets most of a pouring day, I emerged dry as the proverbial bone, and, what was more to the purpose, warm and comfortable of flesh! Also half-a-pound of chocolates emerged from a pocket dry and tempting—so my aquascutation is most successful.

Precipitating Crises. In these days of hats over eyes, and furs nearly up to them, there is not much face left to recognise an acquaintance, friend, or relative by. Recently a woman was much astonished, after a brief chat with her own husband, to hear him say, "Have you seen my wife? She said I should find her here." The dénouement rather flabbergasted the gentleman, although his brief chat had been quite innocuous. The wife was certainly more deeply disguised than by a spot on her veil! Happily, her husband had not said, as a well-known sailor man is reported to have done, to a woman friend at Cowes Regatta Week: "Do you happen to have seen my smart little painted craft in the offing?" That would have precipitated a crisis, and no mistake!

Even a cursory glance at the names of the Committee of the Three Arts Club Costume Ball, to be held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, Feb. 12, is a guarantee of a clamant success, for they comprise those of many leading people in artistic circles—musical, theatrical, literary and "Society." The Committee has the power to refuse tickets, but it may be assumed that everyone who is anyone will be at the Ball. The costumes are sure to be a great attraction in themselves. Boxes should be applied for to the Three Arts Club, 19A, Marylebone Road, N.W.1, or to the Organiser, Miss Chute, 8, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.1, or any members of the Committee, who will also supply tickets.

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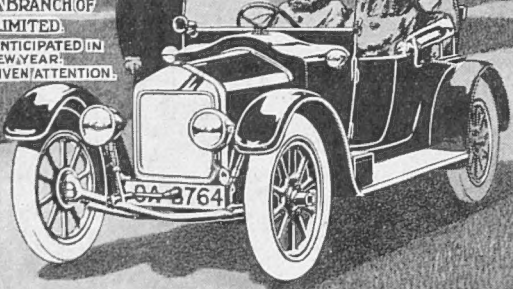
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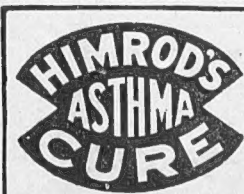


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